

Beauties of All Nations

Painted Especially
For This Page

By
Albert
Vargas

American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, August 19, 1923
©1923, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved



No. 2—Hawaii

Forth from her land to mine she goes,
The island maid, the island rose;
Light of heart and bright of face,
The daughter of a double race.
Her islands here, in Southern sun,
Shall mourn their Kaiulani gone,
And I, in her dear banyan shade,
Look vainly for my little maid.

Stevenson: To Princess Kaiulani.

Science Puzzled By Ants

Unable to Account for the Little Creatures' Prodigious Strength and Extraordinary Social Development and Various Instincts Which No Other Insects Possess



How the Giant Ants Are Used by the Small Ants as a Vehicle of Transportation.

ANTS, big and small, are crawling about on almost all parts of the earth and science has devoted no end of attention to these peculiar little creatures without being able to understand them. Naturalists, who have closely observed ants at their daily labors, marvel at the prodigious strength of the little insects and cannot account for it.

The little field ant, in a carefully arranged laboratory test, held in her jaws a weight three thousand times heavier than herself without any inconvenience. If a man had proportionately the same strength in his jaws he could lift in his teeth 275 tons or about the weight of eight great cars loaded with iron. A still more remarkable comparison is stated by a well-known entomologist, who asserts that any man weighing 150 pounds, who had the same strength in proportion to his weight as an ant, could lift ten of the largest size modern locomotives on to his back and walk away with them.

The ant has attracted the attention of mankind from the earliest days. He is a busy little object and the Bible takes occasion to say: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her haste and be wise." And while in ancient times the industry of the ant made a marked impression on man, yet the full list of accomplishments of the little insects were not known until they were studied by modern science.

Sir John Lubbock, the distinguished scientific investigator, placed the ant next to man in intelligence. He pointed out the ant's ability to build a home, keep a farm and cattle and slaves, keep cows to be milked and to make war in well organized battle formations. Indeed, the ant seems to have some of the vices of civilized man, for the little creature gets drunk and often does itself with drugs.

Where the ant gets its apparently inexhaustible supply of strength and energy is still one of the mysteries of science, and endless discussions have failed to reveal whether or not they use intelligence or just plain instinct about their tasks.

Professor William Morton Wheeler, the greatest authority on ants in America, hazards the theory that when these little insects undertake these complicated labors their work is directed by something akin to intelligence.

"The scientific student," he says, "is forced to admit that the social and physical ascendancy of the ant among invertebrates, and of mammals among vertebrates, constitutes a very striking example of convergent development. And the paleontologist may be inclined to admit that this convergence has a very high significance, that it may be due, in fact, since ants and mammals seem to make their appearance simultaneously in Mesozoic times, to some peculiar transitional conditions that favored the forms destined to dominate through extraordinary physical environment."

By the words "psychical environment," Professor Wheeler had in mind, as he explained, something very similar to intelligence. In so far as the use of her strength is concerned, it must be admitted that the ant is even more efficient than man, and there is little doubt that it is quite as intelligent in its use.

Whenever put to the test the ant has always shown marvelous feats of strength, as already noted. A. D. D. Bois found an ant dragging a bomb one foot after another. Considering the size of the burden, and the obstacles in its path, for the ground was a jumble of short grass and twigs, it was making wonderful progress. The ant's rate of progress, timed with

a watch, writes Mr. D. Bois, in Nature Magazine, was five feet in five minutes, or an average of one foot each minute.

"I captured the ant and took it and its booty to the laboratory. The weight of the ant was .0025 gram; the weight of the bee was .0361 gram. Hence the humble bee weighed 14.2 as much as the ant. Can you imagine a 150-pound man dragging the carcass of a 2,000-pound beast through the underbrush? If a draft horse weighing 1,500 pounds were relatively as strong it would be able to drag 19,800 pounds dead weight through a jungle.

"A horse-power, in engineering terms, is 33,000 foot-pounds a minute. For the purpose of comparison this may be translated into units of weight and length of the horse itself. Assume the 1,500-pound horse to have a length between seven and eight feet. The lifting of 33,000 pounds at the rate of one foot a minute is then equivalent to hoisting the horse's own weight at the rate of twenty-two feet a minute; but this is about three times the horse's length and may be expressed as three horse lengths.

"Doubtless the tractive effort exerted by the ant was as great as the weight of the bee, and at times even more, but for a conservative comparison let us assume that the pull necessary to drag the bee was only half the weight of the latter, or .0182 gram.

"The length of the ant was scarcely one-third of an inch; hence its rate of travel was thirty-six times as fast while exerting force seven times its own weight. This is equivalent to hoisting its own weight at the rate of 156 ant lengths a minute. Two hundred and ninety-five million five hundred thousand of these ants would pull as much as the draft horse. If she weighed as much in proportion to her size as the average man, a nine-inch ant could hold up a three-horse hitch, coal truck and more than four and a half tons of coal, making eight tons in all.

In a laboratory, when put to the task, ants will move a single grain weighing 1,200 times as much as herself towards her own nest. And she showed that she was thinking all the time she was dragging the grain along in an effort to ease the burden. Occasionally, when it seemed that she had been working too hard and the grain didn't run to suit her, she drew it from side to side as a horse draws a heavy wagon when going up hill.

After this feat of strength, the ant showed how she could handle an object actually larger than herself. The ant grasped in her jaws a half sovereign (gold) larger than she was and held it as firmly while hanging by one leg to a pair of microscopes. This piece of gold was 100 times her own weight and she could easily have increased the burden if it were attached to a fine thread that she



The Head of a Soldier Ant, Showing the Cutting Jaws.

The Head of a Working Ant, Whose Jaws Are Not Adapted Either for Offense or Defense.



The Aphid, or Plant Louse, Which the Ant Uses to Obtain the Sweet Liquid That Exudes Therefrom.

could hold in her tiny jaws.

The Atta family, the ants found chiefly in America, are the farming ants, and their daily labors are distinguished for the great weight of leaves they carry.

This curious habit has given them the name "parasol ants," due to their trick of cutting large pieces of leaves from the trees and carrying them like parasols over their heads to their nests. Although the weight of these leaves is nowhere near as heavy in comparison with the feats of the little field ant, nevertheless their constant burdens weigh very much more than their own small bodies. For a long time, the use of these leaves was unknown until finally the discoverers were made that they were utilized as the bed for mushroom cultivated by the ants.

The leaves were carried from neighboring trees by constant streams of busy little workers, and were received in a large chamber by other ants, who chewed them up into a paste by their mandibles. Others arranged this paste into a layer upon which slips from mushrooms were planted to grow. Certain chambers in the nest were given over to this strange form of horticulture, and the floors of these chambers looked very much like sponges because of their irregular surfaces with paths running across them.

The smallest ants of the tribe assumed the duty of cultivating the mushrooms. Continuously they travel to the surface of the ground, where reproductive filaments of growing mushrooms were cut by their sharp jaws. They selected the species they preferred and planted the filaments in the beds already arranged for them.

In this way, their own mushroom room was wanted, and the food constituted the greater part of what they ate. They have been known to tunnel under the ground, as science has yet to suggest a better method.



Interior of an Ant's Nest, Showing the Young Brood Placed in Different Chambers According to Their Size. Eggs Are Kept Apart and as the Young Grow into the Larval Stage They Are Moved to Another Section.

Since the mushroom farmers make their mushroom beds and cultivate them in the subterranean chambers of the nest, it was found necessary to study these insects by placing them under glass. This was accomplished by making artificial holes covered with glass, through which the workers could be watched.

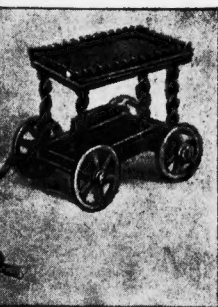
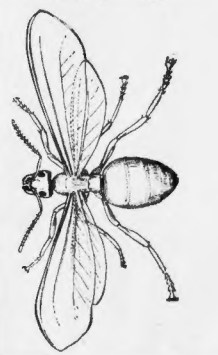
The wonderful strength possessed in the jaws of some ants which makes them capable of holding up burdens thousands of times their own weight, is matched by the sharp jaws of another species called the shepherds.

It may seem incredible, but the mandibles of these little creatures are able to cut tunnels in hard sandstone. To them, a block of sandstone appears much as does a wall of masonry to man, the stone being represented by the sand grain, and the mortar by the yellow clay, which binds the grains together. When they start to tear down the sandstone masonry, they take it apart, block by block, as a man would tear down an ordinary wall. They do not cut through the tiny blocks of silica, but attack the clay mortar with silica as soft and remove it, thus loosening the blocks of silica. In this way, they bore holes through the solid rock.

The white ant also is noted for its ability to cut its way through solid substances with its powerful jaws. They have been known to tunnel under the Federal Treasury at Washington and penetrate the vault room of the National

If a Man Had the Same Strength as an Ant, in Proportion to Their Respective Sizes, a Man Could Easily Sting Two Big Locomotives Over His Shoulder and Walk Along With Them.

The Queen Mother as She Appears Before Losing Her Wings.



An Ant Drawing a Silver Coach 500 Times Its Own Weight.

Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and it is no trouble for them to demolish a building, or to topple over a telegraph pole. The reproductions of these little pests from pursuing their destructive methods.

The chemists of this public service eventually discovered that mineral oil mixed with Portland cement, so as to be practically monolithic, was the only thing capable of resisting their powerful cutting mandibles. Whenever white ants become established in buildings, it is almost impossible to drive them out. These voracious pests usually obtain access to a building by tunnelling from the earth up through cracks or crevices, around pillars, which extend down through the concrete floor to the moist earth beneath where the white ants live.

They are totally blind, and conduct their mining and boring operations unseen, so that their presence is frequently unsuspected until they have damaged a building beyond repair. They eat away beams, walls and floors, reducing them to mere shells, without exciting the attention of the inmates.

Frequently they attack the furniture in

houses, and cases have been known when a table already set and with a meal upon it has tumbled into the laps of the diners.

Books, papers, clothing and shoes, as well as all kinds of food, are eaten and destroyed. And throughout Florida and California they have damaged many fruit and nut trees, as well as woodlands containing merchantable timber. Nor do they hesitate to prey upon food crops, such as grain and corn, potatoes and garden truck.

An out-of-door colony builds and permanently occupies huge nests, pyramidal in shape, and frequently twenty feet high.

An appropriate comparison to the works of man occurs here, when the pyramids of these ants are compared to those of the ancient Egyptians.

The pyramid of Cheops, largest of the mysterious structures that have been among the wonders of the world for centuries, was originally 482 feet high. If the height of the men who built it be taken as six feet, it will be seen that the Egyptians, with rudimentary machinery, erected a structure eighty times their own height.

If the height of the ants be taken as one-quarter of an inch—certainly a generous allowance, at that—it would seem that the tiny creatures, in erecting their twenty-foot pyramids, achieve the remarkable feat of constructing an edifice 960 times their own height—a ratio twelve times that of the Egyptian!

And without any machinery whatsoever!

Twelve times as efficient as men whose efficiency the world has marvelled at, on the basis of this comparison!

The workers of the colony do most of the mischief. They are large-headed insects of a dirty-white color, and may be found everywhere in the United States. Furthermore, they have probably done more damage than all the other species of ants combined. The queen of the colony lives for about fifteen years, and produces as many as 40,000 eggs a day, so that the rapid increase of their progeny is always assured where a sufficient food supply is obtainable.

They are the perfect citizens of the ant world, having no personal ambition and the sole end in view of covering the earth with colonies of their own particular species. Their life is spent in ceaseless toil, and their unselfish labor is as true as iron.

Although each ant is a law unto himself, their lives are carried on in perfect social harmony.

The white ant has proved itself among the most highly developed of all the ant tribes. Besides the males, females and workers, they have established an order of "soldier" ants, with specially formed bodies, large, narrow heads, and always shagreened jaws, who make it their business to defend the community. They have also developed from the carnivorous state into eaters of vegetable matter.

Only vegetarians among insects having easy access to a large amount of food and capable of producing large colonies. No found the workers of the white ants found it difficult to reconcile their carnivorous appetites with their determination to spread their species, and during the course of time they changed their habits of eating from a flesh to a cellulose diet.

While this change of diet allowed them to spread their colonies by the millions over large portions of the world, it also made them so fond of the cellulose to be found in vegetable matter and wood that their voracious appetites have made them one of the worst enemies of men, and Nature has prepared them with as powerful enough to run the cost of their keep up into millions of dollars a year.

Why a Woman Can Madly Love the Man She Kills in Her Bed

Professor Shaw of New York University Explains Just Why a Man and Wife Can Lead "A Cat and Dog Life" Together and Still Adore Each Other so Much That They Can't Bear to Be Apart



The Prince Ali Kamel Bey Fahmy, the Immensely Rich Young Egyptian Who Was Killed So Strangely by His Wife.

By Charles Gray Shaw, Professor of Philosophy, New York University.

EVERYONE has heard it said of some husband and wife that they "lead a cat and dog life together." The phrase is used to describe a quarrelling, nagging pair, and always it is accompanied by a remark something like this: "Well, if they can't live together happily, why on earth do they live together at all?"

That is a great mystery to most people. Indeed—how a man and woman can apparently hate each other bitterly and love each other immensely at the same time?

And of all the cat and dog lives ever lived by a man and wife, the model apparently goes to the Prince and Princess Ali Kamel Fahmy.

The Prince is not in this world now, however, to receive it. He is dead—killed by a bullet from his loving wife's revolver. It was he who at last was conquered in the long duel between them—the duel that was their married life.

The Prince and Princess Fahmy were well known and extremely prominent figures in the life of London, of Paris and of Cairo. He was a Prince of Egypt, young and rich as any youthful Sultan of the Arabian Nights. She was a French woman of birth and education, twelve years older than he. Kings, nobles, the greatest men of Europe and the most brilliant of Europe's women were guests at their homes.

There was never any doubt of their intense love for each other. Yet at the inquest in England, at which a verdict of "wilful murder" was returned against the Princess, it was testified that it had been their custom for years to go to sleep in the same room in beds side by side—with the hand of the Princess resting upon the butt of a revolver on a table beside her bed, and the hand of the Prince resting similarly upon another revolver upon a table close at his own bedside!

When they went to sleep, neither knew whether the other would awake. Such a situation is difficult to imagine—the wife disturbed by some slight motion of her sleeping husband, awakening and reaching desperately and swiftly out for the ever ready revolver, then, without his quiet and almost gently slipping the gun back and going off to sleep again; only perhaps soon to be again awakened.

And so the Prince, roused suddenly by a dream or some noise, as swiftly clutching his own pistol and ready to shoot at the least motion of the woman beside him.

What a life!

And still at that same inquest it was testified that there was no doubt that each loved the other to the exclusion of all other persons in the world, and that



The Princess Fahmy, the High Spirited, Intellectual

Frenchwoman Who Loved Her Husband So Madly and Hated Him So Murderously at One and the Same Time That at Last She Killed Him.

when the Princess had shot her husband, she ran out into the corridor, summoning help, and then had thrown herself on the lifeless body, heartbroken.

Listen to Said Enmy, secretary of the Prince, speaking before the coroner at the inquest:

"They used to insult each other openly and smack each other's faces. It was an impossible life. They quarrelled about every trifle, yet they loved each other and he was unhappy when she was out of his sight, and so was she when he was away. If he went out alone she made remarks; if she went out alone he made remarks."

"Did she carry a revolver?" asked the Coroner.

A—Yes. (The weapon, an automatic, was produced and identified by the witness.)

A—Yes.

A—He always had it by his bedside in Paris.

A—Yes.

A—He always had it by his bedside in Paris.

A—Yes.

A—He always had it by his bedside in Paris.

A—Yes.

A—He always had it by his bedside in Paris.

A—Yes.

A—He always had it by his bedside in Paris.

A—Yes.

actually maltreating each other, and yet be miserable apart from each other?

Can psychology explain how the beautiful Princess Fahmy could be madly in love with her husband at the one and the same moment that she killed him for hate?

It can.

In the veins of the Egyptian Romance there flowed the blood which once flamed up in the heart of Cleopatra. Within the soul of his French bride there were memories of the women who made France famous for love and intrigue: Madame de Maitenon and Madame du Barry, Madame de Pompadour and Ninon de L'Enclos. In the rapid union of these two souls was the dark mystery of Egypt and the flaming passion of France. Their meeting place was in the shadow of the Sphinx, set up, as it were, in the Tuilleries. Their wedding was the fusion of the Nile with the Seine. Cairo and Paris came together, while the heat of Sahara beat upon France.

In the minds of most people, as they jog along in yoke, love is but an extremely personal form of affection with its will not easily understood how such love can turn tenderness into cruelty, change tender love must have seemed to them as absurd as their own impression with its mad passion.

Those who live even just a little below the surface of life can gather some sort of comprehension of a love which aims at life but ends in death. It is not only



Another Photograph of the Unfortunate Princess Fahmy.

in the mind of the average man, or of the blank, love was exceptional, confined to certain nations, and none too distant at last.

The love of Prince Ali Fahmy was ten times more intense than that of his Egyptian ancestor who lived on the other side, in the time of the Pyramids.

The growth of the body and development of the brain made of this Egyptian prince, as it has of all moderns generally, the Romance and dulcet such as primitive life could not produce.

But even the idea that modern love, which is the only kind, is due to modern civilization does not explain the crossing of the spiritual wires whereby love turns to hate for its expression. It was just such a short circuit which burned out the fuse of the heart. Was it love which urged the young Egyptian to abuse and threaten his wife? Was it her love which fired the fatal shot? A friend of Fahmy was asked whether the dead man had really loved his wife. The reply was, "The love is not strong enough to explain the intensity of the feelings awakened within the heart of the young Oriental."

It seems to be the case, we must take this friendly testimony for the truth, it would appear as though his affection toward his bride was such that, finding no word in the vocabulary of love, it was forced to seek hate as its mode of expression, just as the nature of the composer must use dissonance or even discord in place of harmony if the meaning of the music is to come forth. Romantic sentiment, ardor; there were far too inadequate. The only mode of expressing remaining was that of cruelty and hatred.

In meeting such a strange situation in which all points of view are expressed by their contraries, one may well consider that the fusion and interchange of love and hate is no secret of those who watch the human heart in its workings. This was clear to Nathaniel Hawthorne when he wrote "The Scarlet Letter" in which he expresses the idea that love and hate are intense passions requiring a definite object. With these two points in common, love and hate have little difference between them. Of their points of difference, there are more numerous and more striking than their lines of difference.

In the case of young Fahmy and his more mature bride there was the intensity of feeling and definiteness of object which brought hate and love together as a single passion.

And here we have the explanation of the "cat and dog" marriage and why the couple who live then keep on together. In entirely normal people, love and hate are always sharply differentiated. But

"Perhaps she would awaken at some slight motion, swiftly seize the pistol and turn to meet an expected attack. Or perhaps he would be the one to awaken and turn."

"What a life!"

"And yet all the testimony at the inquest was that they had loved each other madly!"

There are few entirely normal people. Prince Fahmy and his wife represented the extreme type where the two opposite passions were fused into one. In most other "cat and dog" couples the two opposites, while abnormally close, are not so close as this. They are entwined and tangled up, but the knot is not so tight. Their quarrelling is in proportion to the extent of the entanglement or the tightness of the knot whose cords are love and hate.

But so close are the two emotions that they rapidly shift one into the other. And sometimes this shift is so swift, indeed, that hate seems like love and love like hate. The patient—for that is what he is—cannot tell one from the other.

And so the harsh words of the quarrel become in actuality love sentences.

Nevertheless hate has as its inevitable reaction the desire to destroy, to kill. That cannot be separated from it. And so we have after some volcanic outbreak of the twisted emotions the fatal crack of the revolver, the death flash of the knife, and after that the tremendously rapid reaction to love with its remorse and pity—sinner love is the creator and the enemy of death.

The sudden change from love to hatred is often revealed in the author who comes in love and goes away in hatred, because his offer of marriage has been declined. It shows itself in the selfishness, suspicion and fear peculiar to jealousy. It makes of the ardent lover a kind of Prince Ali.

Cruelty and jealousy were the ways in which the love-hate of the Ali Fahmys was manifested. The warring lovers were almost inseparable when one was absent the other vented his love-spite in slanders. The mad jealousy involved in this hectic union of souls was expressed more definitely by the prince from the Nile, who sought to keep his beloved in perpetual bondage. Unless it was sufficient for her to wear the symbolic wedding ring she must be kept in spiritual chains. Once he placed her aboard a yacht, fastened the hatchways, and had sailors guarding the gangways. He refused to have her go to a hospital on the ground that this was an attempt on her part to escape him. Unless she was near him, the object of his love-hate would be wanting, and misery would ensue.

The Fahmy case is at once solitary and typical. They did what many others only think of doing. They released the impulses which others restrain. Average people, who do the work of the world with their battles, are so taken up with duties that love's experience is only casual as its expressions are but occasional. These semi-loving, semi-hating people are also torn by duties in the home and office, in field and factory, hence they have little time and strength for the exhibition of such extreme emotions. But these extremes are in them, nevertheless, and it is only the pre-occupation with the practical affairs of life which prevents the population from producing many Fahmy cases.

There is in mankind a peculiar tendency which releases him directly to life itself. "The angel call it the voice of hell; the devil call it the voice of hell; men call it Love."



1st.
Minute
Add Seasonings
to Egg



2d.
Minute
Add
Mazola Slowly



3d.
Minute
Beat
well
for 1 Minute
and your Mazola
Mayonnaise is made

MAYONNAISE made at Home in 3 minutes—Costs Less and *You Know It Contains Fresh Eggs*



DO you know why thousands of women are now making their own mayonnaise at home with Mazola?

One reason is that every particular housewife likes *home-made* foods. Not only because they taste better but because she *knows* that *home prepared foods* are *pure*.

The other reason is that every woman, no matter how inexperienced she is in cooking, can prepare in *3 minutes*, a rich, creamy mayonnaise merely by using Mazola, and following the recipe shown here.

You can make a mayonnaise equal to any served even in the finest hotel.

Furthermore, and this is very important, and this is very important, you are absolutely sure of the purity and wholesomeness of Mazola-Mayonnaise—for you know that the

eggs you use in it are absolutely fresh.

Mazola blends so perfectly with all your other salad ingredients that it brings out the fullest flavor and most perfect taste. And inasmuch as Mazola thickens more quickly, you save time and labor. Mazola-Mayonnaise always remains firm, fresh and smooth. It keeps longer without separating, or getting rancid.

USE the Mazola you have, or get a can from your grocer, and try the recipe given here. See how easy it is to make!

1 cup Mazola 1 Egg Yolk 1/2 teaspoon Sugar
1/2 teaspoon Salt 1/2 teaspoon Paprika
3 tablespoons Lemon Juice or Vinegar

Add well mixed seasonings to egg, with one teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar and beat well, adding one teaspoon Mazola at a time until mixture thickens, after which the Mazola may be added more rapidly. Thin with lemon juice or vinegar when necessary.

Even though Mazola is equal to the most expensive salad oils in flavor, quality and purity, you can buy it at practically half the price of imported oils.

*Has the Greatest Sale of
Any Brand of Salad
and Cooking Oil*

YOUR grocer sells Mazola in pint, quart, half-gallon and gallon sterilized tins, packed on our own premises under expert supervision. It is never sold in bottles or in bulk, as are ordinary salad oils.

We extend to you the privilege of using a can of Mazola, and if not perfectly satisfied, your grocer will refund your money without question.

FREE Beautifully illustrated Corn Products Cook Book of sixty-four pages, containing more than a hundred valuable recipes. Write to CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. A, Argos, Ill.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____



MAZOLA

The Best for Salads and Cooking

Newest Fad of the Frivolous Parisian Beauties Who Let Themselves Be Almost Smothered in Plaster Just So Their Sweethearts Can Always See Them at the Height of Their Beauty and, After Awhile, Everybody Can See Them the Same Way on Their Tombstones

1981-1982 Working Group Report on Expansion and

Fall Evening Wraps



The Latest Fad for the Fall Is Having Gown and Wrap Made to Match as in This Photograph.

ROMANCE and intrigue! What is it about evening wraps that makes them breathe of romance and intrigue, of bright starlight nights, gondoliers, faintly melancholy music drifting over moonlit water, mist, distant laughter and chivalrous cavaliers bending over delicate and reluctant ladies. Or, perhaps, it puts one in mind of the 1905 model of melodrama, where the distraught and virtuous heroine has been actually dropped from society because her evening wrap has been discovered in Richard Fitzgerald's room.

Be that as it may, an evening wrap, and a becoming one, is an extremely necessary and useful ornament.

The center photograph shows a coat wrap of milk-white ermine, made of the finest of selected pelts. The top part, the pelts running horizontally, and the bottom part, the pelts running vertically. It is cut in the style of a bolero, and a large, snowy fox collar throws a becoming soft, white glow around the face. It is worn either wrapped tightly around the figure or thrown on loosely.

The photographs on the right show the front and back views of an extremely formal evening cape, made of petunia chiffon velvet. The front view shows the gold brocade lining dot with heliotrope and mingled with a touch here and there of sapphire. Its trimming is velvet ribbon, ruchings, a lighter shade than the cape, worn on a chiffon velvet background much lighter in color. The cape at the bottom is gathered into the trimming, and also at the top, where it is joined to the chin-chin collar. The back view shows a hip line where the gathers are laid in on each side by a cord of the petunia velvet. The gown worn beneath is a mixture of gold and rose pink, the foundation brocaded in ink and gold. The skirt is cut surplice, finished off at the hip line by a double belt velvet, and a long train of the same sea pink velvet attaches itself at the hip and is finished at the hem with gold beads.

Sometimes no costume is complete without its accessories. The cap shown is of gold lace and pearls made in the shape of a turban upon at the top. Her string of pearls is large pearls is one of the most popular fashions of the year. Pearls any size, shape or form are being worn at all times of the day or night. They need not be genuine to be in good

taste. Sometimes three strings are worn at once—one string may be real, one composition and one string—well, it really does not matter what its former history was or where it was born.

And now hair dressing in Paris has swung from the high-built coiffure to the tight-fitting, close-to-the-head hairdressing. Neatness and closely sleekness seem to be the two important adjectives. If the hair is bobbed it must be shingled in back and on the sides to make it lie close to the head. If one is blessed with molasse tresses, and does not feel quite up to the strain of having them brutally removed by the all too willing barber, the hair is gathered into a low mid-Victorian chignon at the back of the neck.

On the left is shown a combination wrap and gown made of the ever-popular black chiffon velvet and silver brocade.

The circular wrap is cut with dolman sleeves and lined with the silver tissue. It boasts of the picturesque rolled collar that is so becoming to almost any age. The only color note in the costume is the jade earring and head necklace.

Probably the contagious three-piece suit is responsible for the evening wrap and gown made to match. One house shows in their collection a white satin gown which swaths the figure closely and terminates in a train. It is trimmed with a long rope of huge black velvet flowers trailing from the left hip. To match this design a voluminous cape made entirely of black velvet flowers, excepting for the smooth rolled collar. Another was a pale lemon-yellow even-

The New Lines of the Ermine Wrap.

ing gown, embroidered all over in a slight design of amber jewels, worn with a tomato-colored velvet cape, its collar a mass of velvet ribbon ends, embroidered in amber jewels.

The bateau neck line for evening seems to be slowly but surely passing out of existence, and in its place comes the recurring square and V and circular, and these seem to be far more fitting and in unison with the side drapes and bouffant skirt. Fans are as popular as ever, only the

seductive feather fan is changing into fans of all manner and shape. One fantastic example from one of the most exclusive shops was an intricate affair made from three huge, apple-green plumes held together to resemble palm leaves, while at the base of the feathers, where they join the handle of the fan, is a design in amber jewels, forming the fruit of the tree. The slender handle was made of amber colored composition, finished by a row of the same amber-colored jewels.

Front View of the Petunia Velvet and Brocade Evening Wrap. The Photograph Above Shows Back View of the Same Wrap

How Lord Chaplin Was Jilted by His Pretty Fiancee

Thrown Over by His Pretty Fiancee the Day Before His Wedding He Beggars the Man Who Robbed Him of His Bride and Builds His Own Peerage and Wealth on His Rival's Ruin



"Lady Florence asked Mr. Chaplin to wait for her a few minutes while she went back into the London shop to buy a few more articles. The store had two entrances—one on Piccadilly, the other on Regent street. She went quickly through the store and out at the Regent street entrance, where the Marquis of Hastings was waiting for her in a cab with a special marriage license in his pocket. "He handed her in, rushed away with her and they were married while poor Henry Chaplin was still standing at the Piccadilly entrance."

Lady Florence Paget, Who Jilted Chaplin to Marry Lord Hastings. Photograph Taken Years After the Latter's Death.

Lord CHAPLIN, who has just died in England at the age of eighty-two, was the only man in the world who owed fame and fortune to the manner in which he was jilted by his fiancee.

Starting life as an untitled youth of modest means, he won a peerage, a high position in the Government, great wealth, the friendship of Kings and Queens mainly because a beautiful young woman abandoned him the day before they were to be married in a heartless way that stirred British society to its depths.

The world is only just beginning to learn what strange dramas and tragedies happened behind the scenes of Queen Victoria's seemingly stable court. The Chaplin elopement was one of the most thrilling of them.

Chaplin's fiancee, Lady Florence Paget, jilted him outrageously and eloped in a highly sensational manner with the highly notorious Marquis of Hastings. Usually it is the man who elopes, "the young Lochinvar," who is the hero of such a drama, but in this case Henry Chaplin reversed the usual conditions and proceeded to revenge himself very thoroughly on the man and the woman who had wronged him. In a short time he ruined the Marquis of Hastings, who died soon afterward, while the latter's widow had cause to regret bitterly having jilted Chaplin.

Henry Chaplin was originally an untitled country gentleman of very ancient family, who inherited an old estate called Blankney Hall. He often declared that he would rather be "Squire of Blankney" than have any title in Europe. He was generally known as "the Squire" in English society, and sometimes in later life as "the Emperor," on account of the tremendous dignity of his appearance.

When Henry Chaplin entered London society as a young man he immediately became a prominent figure in it. It was a time when owning race horses and winning the Derby were sure to put a man at the head of society and perhaps to bring him a high position in the Government.

Chaplin knew all there was to know about horses. He won several successes on the turf and made up his mind that he would win the historic Derby, although many men far wealthier than himself were employing all their resources to gain that world-famous distinction.

Chaplin was strikingly handsome—tall, broad-shouldered, with heavy features and aquiline nose. Naturally, this dashing, handsome young sportsman, with the historic estate and the racing stable excited the interest of many young women of high society.

Very early in his social career he became engaged to Lady Florence Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Hastings, one of the richest and most important of English peers. Lady Florence had just made her debut and was considered the most attractive young beauty of the season. They called her "the Pocket Venus."

The engagement was regarded as an ideal one and the most interesting affair



Lady Londonderry, Chaplin's Handsome Daughter by the Devoted Wife He Married After He Was Jilted.

of the day. Everybody spoke of Chaplin as being on the right road to fame, the peerage, the leadership of the turf and perhaps a high place in the Government.

Now, Lady Florence Paget had aroused the passion of another dashing young man. The Marquis of Hastings was the head of a historic family, had inherited great wealth and estates and had become notorious for several years as the most reckless gambler on the English turf. He had won immense sums and had also suffered losses which endangered even his great fortune. In fact, he was notorious for all kinds of wild extravagance and dissipation.

Hastings was infuriated to find that Chaplin was ahead of him in love. He determined to win Lady Florence away from the other. He was a very seductive young man, who had already disturbed several aristocratic households and been closely associated with some of the most noted ornaments of the stage. He was far richer than Chaplin and had a great title. At the numerous dinner parties, garden parties and balls of the London season he had an opportunity to exercise his charms upon Lady Florence. First she faltered in her loyalty to Chaplin, and then she succumbed to the Marquis's pleading.

But how could she escape from her engagement. Her family would have been horrified at the thought of throwing over a splendid young man like Henry Chaplin. The Marquis of Hastings hatched out a plot of characteristic daring and devilry.

The day of the wedding was fixed. The

newly married Prince of Wales and his bride, Princess Alexandra of Denmark, had signed their intention to attend. All the princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses in England were expected to be present. The bridemaids had been selected—all of them fair flowers of England's noblest families.

The bride had accumulated most of her tremendous treasures and was just doing the finishing touches to it. At this stage she did not dare to break with Chaplin openly.

On a lovely June morning the very day before the wedding the expected bride invited her fiance to accompany her on a shopping excursion. After shopping at a jeweller's in Bond street they drove to the famous old drapery shop of Swan & Edgar, on Piccadilly. They went in together and inspected some dresses.

Then Lady Florence intimated to Mr. Chaplin that she was going to buy some things he need not look at. He could only himself looking out of the front door into Piccadilly. He saw her walk, as he supposed, toward the back of the store, then dutifully turned in the other direction as commanded.

It happened that the store had another entrance, which was on Regent street. The deceitful Lady Florence, on leaving Henry Chaplin, walked straight into that other entrance and out of the door. By the curb the Marquis of Hastings sat in a hansom cab with his hat pulled down over his eyes, awaiting her by previous arrangement.

In his pocket was a properly made out special marriage license, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, authorizing the pair to be married at any time without the preliminary banns ordinarily required by the Church of England.

The instant the Marquis saw Lady Florence he jumped out and handed her into the cab. He was quite like "young Lochinvar," a true modernist. Then he ordered his trusty cabman to drive swiftly to St. George's, Hanover Square, a little church, where he had many hasty marriages have been performed.

It was a drive of less than five minutes to the church. Here they were quickly and unostentatiously married.

In the next minute Henry Chaplin was left standing near the Piccadilly entrance of the store. A lordly figure, six feet two inches tall, with a single eyeglass in his eye and a big silk hat on the side of his head, he was generally admired by the public, especially by the female part of it.

Occasionally he bestowed an oblique glance on the little shopgirls, who blushed with pleasure at being noticed by such a magnificent creature. Sometimes he looked at his watch and noticed that the morning was passing. He murmured to himself: "Women have no idea of the importance of time. We must be patient with these charming, irresponsible creatures."

When he found that more than an hour had passed his patience began to run out. At the risk of seeing things noticed he marched to the back of the store, looking for his fiancee. He saw nothing of her. Then he noticed the other shopgirls with misgiving. He made inquiries of the attendant, who told him that about Lady Florence. She had gone out so quietly and unostentatiously that nobody had seen her.

Chaplin felt sure that he had been tricked, although he did not know just what had happened. He was not the man to allow anybody to take his near-bride away from him so easily. Consequently, he formed his fiancee's family that their daughter had disappeared, and all of them, amazed and shocked, began to search for her.

That evening Lady Florence Paget, rather the Marquis of Hastings, received a telegram from his daughter, saying that she and the Marquis of Hastings were happily married and had left for the Continent on their honeymoon.

Henry Chaplin accepted the fact that he would have revenge on Lord Hastings, and after putting waiting his time he had it in full measure. Hastings retired to England, after travelling extensively with his wife, and resumed his activities on the English turf.

Chaplin had a horse named Hermit which he expected to win the Derby of 1867. Shortly before the race Hermit took a blood-venal in his nose. Horses that bleed before a race are regarded as almost certain losers. The betting was 100 to 1 against Hermit.

Lord Hastings also had a horse entered for the Derby, and he was waiting for the Derby.

For the Derby. With his usual recklessness he bet vast sums on his own horse, and against Chaplin's horse. Chaplin felt convinced that Hermit was so good a horse that he would win in spite of his alarming mishap.

He accepted all the bets that were offered against Hermit. Hastings seized the opportunity to make every bet he could against the horse, feeling sure that he was going to win a hundred pounds for every one he ventured on.

A snowstorm raged while the contest was on, an almost unknown occurrence for England in June. This really increased Hermit's chances of victory, as he was a very powerful horse and able to outstep in bad weather races which might have proved speedier in fine weather. At the same time the cold guarded him against a repetition of the bleeding.

When the race was over Henry Chaplin lost his horse from the winning post to the judges' enclosure, according to the old custom. As he strode along by the side of his tall chestnut horse he received the greatest ovation that had ever been given in a Derby winner.

The Prince of Wales, who was the first to congratulate him, and after the Prince came the Prime Minister and many of the principal personages of British society and politics.

Chaplin was only twenty-six years old when he won the Derby. His youth and striking appearance and the fact that he had won in rivalry with some of the richest men in Europe all helped to make him popular. But the sympathy with which he was met on account of the cruel manner in which he had been jilted was an even greater factor than anything else in his popularity.

While the richest and most fashionable people in England strive to win the Derby, it is also the most democratic turf event, as it is run a few miles from London in an open country, where anybody can see it for nothing. Some two or three hundred thousand people are in the habit of attending the Derby.

Consequently, a man who has been seen by this great crowd leading a Derby winner from the post becomes famous in public life.

The Marquis of Hastings stayed long enough to know that Hermit was the victor and Henry Chaplin the hero of the day. He only knew that he had brood over his endless debts, and perhaps to listen to the reproaches of his wife.

Henry Chaplin was an even greater factor than anything else in his popularity. While the richest and most fashionable people in England strive to win the Derby, it is also the most democratic turf event, as it is run a few miles from London in an open country, where anybody can see it for nothing.

Some two or three hundred thousand people are in the habit of attending the Derby. Consequently, a man who has been seen by this great crowd leading a Derby winner from the post becomes famous in public life.

The Marquis of Hastings stayed long enough to know that Hermit was the victor and Henry Chaplin the hero of the day. He only knew that he had brood over his endless debts, and perhaps to listen to the reproaches of his wife.

Henry Chaplin was an even greater factor than anything else in his popularity. While the richest and most fashionable people in England strive to win the Derby, it is also the most democratic turf event, as it is run a few miles from London in an open country, where anybody can see it for nothing.

Some two or three hundred thousand people are in the habit of attending the Derby. Consequently, a man who has been seen by this great crowd leading a Derby winner from the post becomes famous in public life.

The Marquis of Hastings stayed long enough to know that Hermit was the victor and Henry Chaplin the hero of the day. He only knew that he had brood over his endless debts, and perhaps to listen to the reproaches of his wife.

Henry Chaplin was an even greater factor than anything else in his popularity. While the richest and most fashionable people in England strive to win the Derby, it is also the most democratic turf event, as it is run a few miles from London in an open country, where anybody can see it for nothing.



Henry Chaplin, in Later Years, Peer, Member of the Government and Friend of the King.

Henry Chaplin could have had a peerage soon after his victory, but he preferred to serve for forty-eight years as a member of the House of Commons. In 1914 he was made a peer with the title of Viscount Chaplin.

In order that he might enjoy the dignified and comfortable surroundings of the House of Lords in his old age. On entering the peerage he added a picture of his great Derby winner Hermit to his coat-of-arms.

One of Lord Chaplin's children is the wife of the Marquis of Londonderry and is a very original leader of English society in addition to being a strikingly handsome woman. She has inherited her father's wonderful knowledge of horse-flesh and before the war organized a mounted military force of women.

The Hastings family, which came to an end when Henry Chaplin ruined the unlucky Marquis, had already figured in an amazing tragedy of Queen Victoria's reign. Lady Flora Hastings, an aunt of the Marquis, was a maid of honor to Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, at the time of the Queen's accession to the throne. Lady Flora is said to have supplanted the young Queen by having too much to do with the Queen's education. The Queen noticed a change in the young maid's manner's figure, which suggested that she was not exactly suited to attend the most virtuous of courts.

The Queen consulted her physician, Sir James Clark, about Lady Flora's appearance, and her suspicions were confirmed by him. Her Majesty then told Lady Flora to stay away from court and ordered the Duchess of Kent to dismiss her from her post. The Duchess defended her maid of honor and other members of the court took Lady Flora's cause.

The Hastings family denounced a medical consultation upon Lady Flora. This was held and it resulted in proving her innocence. The Queen expressed regret for her suspicion, but this was not the end of the affair. The then Marquis of Hastings, grandfather of the one who was involved in the Hastings scandal, was a man of surprising course of writing to the papers, telling about the whole trouble and publishing the vindication given to his daughter by the physicians.

Some years ago it was found that Lady Flora Hastings was suffering from a terrible internal cancer, for which there was then no palliative treatment. She died within a year and her pathetic story became known to everybody. The Hastings family formed part of a group of very powerful Tories, all of whom showed marked loyalty to the young Queen. Hostile demonstrations were staged against her by the aristocracy and by the people generally.

Lynton Strachey told us that the Duchess of Montrose hated the Queen when she appeared at the famous Ascot races, which were always favored by royalty. Some people took the liberty to yell at her "Mrs. Melbourne," a reference to her close friendship for her first Prime Minister, old Melbourne.

So great was the Queen's unpopularity as a result of the Hastings tragedy that it might have endangered her throne. She did not begin to regain the affections of her people until a considerable time after her happy marriage, which occurred the year after Lady Flora's death.

Lynton Strachey told us that the Duchess of Montrose hated the Queen when she appeared at the famous Ascot races, which were always favored by royalty. Some people took the liberty to yell at her "Mrs. Melbourne," a reference to her close friendship for her first Prime Minister, old Melbourne.

So great was the Queen's unpopularity as a result of the Hastings tragedy that it might have endangered her throne. She did not begin to regain the affections of her people until a considerable time after her happy marriage, which occurred the year after Lady Flora's death.

Lynton Strachey told us that the Duchess of Montrose hated the Queen when she appeared at the famous Ascot races, which were always favored by royalty. Some people took the liberty to yell at her "Mrs. Melbourne," a reference to her close friendship for her first Prime Minister, old Melbourne.

So great was the Queen's unpopularity as a result of the Hastings tragedy that it might have endangered her throne. She did not begin to regain the affections of her people until a considerable time after her happy marriage, which occurred the year after Lady Flora's death.

Lynton Strachey told us that the Duchess of Montrose hated the Queen when she appeared at the famous Ascot races, which were always favored by royalty. Some people took the liberty to yell at her "Mrs. Melbourne," a reference to her close friendship for her first Prime Minister, old Melbourne.

The Tragedy of My Life as

Effie Pope Hill, 16, Who Married the Millionaire
Petted, Indulged and Loaded with Clothes
Life Was Intolerable and It Would
Times Better to Be a



Mrs. Alsop at the Present Time—Not Quite So Youthful, Her Face Showing the Cares and Troubles of Her Mismatched Matrimonial Adventure.

By MRS. EFFIE POPE ALSOP
CHAPTER VI.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

(c) 1923, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

POOR Paul de Clairmont was dead, as I explained last Sunday. But the problems of my imminent debut still faced me urgently until at last Ned Wayburn, the theatrical producer, found a young professional dancing man to take De Clairmont's place as my partner in the act the critics so facetiously dubbed "Luv In a Garden of Roses."

At last things seemed to be progressing happily till the afternoon when I met a very casual acquaintance at a tea daisant who tried to force an introduction upon me which I was determined to avoid.

"The Poillon sisters," whispered my friend to me as two rather spectacular women approached. "My, just look," she continued excitedly. "Of course the Poillons are no friends of mine, but still—in some circles, it's considered awfully daring to know them. Nobody understands how they make their living—but they certainly do seem to make a very generous one. And men—they eat them up. See, they're coming over here. Wait a minute and I'll introduce them."

I looked up at two rather bold and rather flashy women. One of the sisters, Katherine, was then verging on towards a too abundant ebullience; the other, Charlotte, was dressed in a mannish fashion which always seemed pitiful to me. As I looked I felt a sudden rage sweep through me. If I had been reduced to earning my living on the stage, I reflected, that should not make me the victim of casual introductions. So I started to walk away as the Poillon sisters advanced.

"No, thank you," I said, "on the whole I don't care to meet these ladies."

I did not get away before I saw the Poillons stare after me with looks of bold curiosity. They had evidently heard of the little sixteen-year-old Georgia girl who had married the rich old man. It may even have been that they were a trifle piqued at my easy success in a field where they had always been interested—I mean in the field of elderly millionaires. For as any reader of the newspapers will recall, sister Katherine Poillon once sued the rather elderly millionaire Brokaw for alleged breach of promise, and just within the few last months this same Katherine was involved in a bond matter, in which the elderly Mr. Charles Dusenbury of New York charged that bonds which belonged to him were disposed of by the sisters. However, on this occasion I felt a very untutored desire to be rude to women whom I instinctively disliked and so I very foolishly was rude.

There, then, apparently, the incident reported.

Three days later at

the Lexington Avenue

Theatre, then

under the manage-

ment of Oscar Ham-

merstein, I made my debut.

The evening came

auspiciously enough, and as I dressed for my really

lovely little act I felt keyed up with hope and prom-

ise of the future. After all, was I not young, and

was I not at least in an honorable way of making a

very fine income? And had I not bravely put the

nightmare of my marriage behind me?

So with my two partners I stepped out into the

brilliantly lit stage before a packed theatre hushed

and silent. And in one flash after we made our

appearance, bedlam broke loose. From the topmost

gallery, from every balcony, and from a box at the

left of the stage there rained out upon our shivering,

trembling, utterly aghast figures a veritable bom-

bardment of hard candies. They pelted at us; they

hailed upon us; they kept up with no pity for several

awful seconds. And to go with them there billowed

out upon the air the wildest catcalls. Then every-

where the audience began sneezing while a fine

white provocative "sneezing" powder filled the air.

My partners and I had not danced a step. We

had hardly sung two lines of our song, "Love In a

Garden of Roses." Instead our pretty stage garden

had been demolished by a hurricane of missiles and

we who should have been singing were sneezing

frantically, and with anguish, just as every other

person in that audience was sneezing. It was the

most monstrous thing I ever lived through.

For the first few seconds I felt like a bewildered

child, lost in a great woods while the thunder

roared, but then over this helplessness surged a pas-

sionate anger. For out of the corner of my eye I

caught sight of the Poillon sisters sitting in a box

near the stage and I saw that they were laughing

at my plight. I moved toward them, and as I went

I sang as I had never sung before, loud and per-

sistently. And I looked them square in the eye.

As I advanced shaking my fingers at them while they

sniggered at me.

And murder was at my heart, and black anger at

these women who were so happy at my plight.

I never have been able to explain to myself why I

walked toward their box as I kept on singing, nor

what exactly I would have done once arrived there.

And I never had a chance to know by experience,

for they rang the curtain down before I reached the

grinning Poillons.

Back stage I heard Haskell, Hammerstein's stage

manager, calling for policemen; I heard him urging

the arrest of persons whom he suspected had had a

hand in the affair, but though I never later heard that

arrests had been made I refused to press the charge.

In fact, I begged Mr. Hammerstein to let it drop,



Mrs. Alsop and Her Dancing Partner in Her Disastrous Dramatic Venture.



Mrs. Alsop, the Girlish Bride, About to Ride a Pony at Hot Springs, Ark., During Her Honeymoon with Her 80-Year-Old Husband.

as a public trial would have only added to my embarrassment.

After such a distressing premiere I naturally supposed that my little act was quite ruined, but I found on the second evening that I was very far wrong in this. Instead the newspapers had given the affair such publicity that our act seemed made. All that week we played to packed houses. I therefore looked forward to a long engagement. Anyone may therefore imagine my surprise when Allan Fagan, one of my dancing partners, came to my dressing room on Thursday of the second of the three weeks for which our act had been originally booked.

"Here's the next we've got programme," said he, "and we're not on it."

I looked at the printed page, and I could not believe my eyes. I whose days I was a very important young woman, who I set about my next move at once.

"Ask Mr. Hammerstein to call at my dressing room this afternoon," ordered my partner.

Mr. Hammerstein, as asked, and the great impresario himself appeared, very deferential, very kind and very diplomatically dumb.

"We are not booked for next week," I told him. "We are not on the programme."

"But why?" I asked him. "Why—we have gone well; we have been encored at every performance; you have turned people away all the time, and every-

one says it's our act that does it."

"Yes," said Hammerstein, bowing low over my hand.

"Then why?" I asked.

"You are not on," he repeated, as if he was as much mystified as I was. I talked and urged and I pressed him for an explanation, but all I could get was his words, "I am very sorry—it is impossible—circumstances that I cannot control—you have done very well—won't you excuse me from speaking further?"

I had to excuse him, for he wouldn't speak. In a maze of tears and discouragement I said good-by to the theatre and went home defeated.

The explanation of my sudden dropping I did

not learn till some time later. Then one of the Alsop lawyers told a friend, who brought the news to me. It seemed that Mr. Alsop threatened suit because of the use of his name on the programme in connection with my original dance—"the Alsop Hop." Also he considered that his legal rights were infringed when I used the Alsop coat of arms on my drop curtain. This objection of Mr. Alsop's to the stage I had had samples of before, when he had abruptly commanded me out of the presence of Mary Garden, the prima donna, whom I liked very much.

"She's only a play actress," said he with scorn.

On another occasion I introduced the actress Adele Ritchie to him. They got along beautifully, and Mr. Alsop considered Miss Ritchie a charming woman, until he heard that she was an actress. Then he refused to meet her again. So, naturally, it was to be supposed that my stage aspirations would result in his taking what action he could.

And thus it came about that I was once more thrust upon the world to find some work to keep me busy and to increase my diminishing income. And just then a rather amusing incident happened, when a circus impresario sent me a perfectly serious offer to ride a horse in his big ring. Moreover, he offered me what he considered was a princely salary—one hundred dollars a week. I laughed with scorn when I read his letter, for to me then one hundred dollars was hardly enough to light a cigarette with. And then I had an idea.

I sat down at once, wrapped up the big circus prospectus they had mailed me and sent it to Mr. Alsop with the three words, "My next venture." This amused me hugely, for I knew how concerned he would be. And I was not wrong.

Twenty-four hours later my trembling husband was in my parlor in the Fifth Avenue apartment where I then lived. Mr. Alsop was outraged; his eyes watered and his hands shook.

"I have received notice of your next mad scheme," he began, "and I came right over to ask you how far you have embarked upon this insane project."

I wanted to laugh right out; he was so funny in his alarm. But instead I drew on a serious face and explained: "Well, I am already proficient with the zebra and the wild donkey, but I will have to study some time more before I stay put on the back of the kangaroo."

His eyes rolled wildly.

"How—how much will you take to give it all up?" he asked. "I suppose I might as well buy you off as the circus people."

I rose in mock dignity.

"All of the Alsop millions," said I, "could never keep me out of the circus. The lure of the tanbark calls me." I was purposely very pompous.

Mr. Alsop left, fumbling his way to the door in aged distraction. Later I heard that he went to see his lawyers about restraining me, and they advised him to await my first public move before taking any action. But in the meantime I was without work. I had plenty of time on my hands in which to get into mischief, and I had no worthy advisers. So I started in upon a series of unwise escapades hardly possible anywhere but in New York. The city then was passing through its maddest dancing days.

In fact, that was the time when you might become acquainted with anybody, from a confidence woman to a bank president, if you happened to frequent the cabarets and be possessed with a little trustful disposition. I possessed both qualifications, and the result was as might have been expected.

One young woman I met at a cabaret I took home to my apartment to visit me for a spell and then suddenly was forced to go away on a little trip after her arrival. I left her in charge, but when I came home I found my cabaret friend gone and with her all my furs, the gowns I had left at home, the damask curtains to my windows, my bed covers—in fact, every small movable piece of property of my rather handsome apartment.

Another chance acquaintance sold me absinthe

"An Old Man's Darling"

Millionaire Edward B. Alsop, 80, and Jewels, Explains Why Have Been a Thousand 'Young Man's Slave'

I \$16 a quart, which nearly killed me. And while I was in the hospital all my silk underwear disappeared.

A crooked confidence man urgently offered to give me a sable cape of mine repaired. He knew a place, he said, where sables could be bought at wholesale for half the retail price. He would match my skins and have the cape repaired for me at a very small figure. I gave him the sable cape, which had cost me many thousands, and he took it. But I never heard from him nor the cape again. He was another cabaret acquaintance. The last straw, however, came when I was presented to a very plausible young man one evening, who at once made violent protestations of love to me.

He saw me home that night, and I am afraid it was one occasion when the wine had rather gone to my head. Because I remember I lamented to him how I needed to cut down expenses and how much it cost me to get around New York.

"Why," said I, "my cabaret alone cost me several hundreds every month."

And at once my fine cabaret friend offered a solution.

"What you need," said he, "is a cab of your own. Anyone can see that. If you own a cab you won't have to hire one."

I was in that state of cheerfulness when such an argument at once appealed to me strongly, so I implored my friend to buy me a cab. He signalled our driver to stop and at once started negotiations to purchase the very cab we were in. I wrote out a check with much earnestness and then said good-night to both my new cab and my new friend. In the morning I was outraged to find a pretentious taxicab man at my door asking when he would bring the "bus" around.

"What bus?" I asked.

"The one you bought last night," he told me. You bought me cab and engaged me to drive you."

I was aghast, as I only remembered very dimly. However, I ordered the cab to report immediately, and then I threw up my hands as I heard the most forlorn, squeaky, seashell-looking shingle in New York standing at my door on Fifth Avenue.

"How much," I asked the man in horror, how much did I pay for that awful thing?"

"One thousand dollars," said he defiantly, but I paid the gentleman a commission for handing the sale. And we cashed the check this morning already."

"Look here," I asked him, "can't I sell it back to you?"

It was the only thing to do, and I finally closed the deal by receiving two hundred dollars in payment for what had cost me a thousand.

As my readers may easily imagine, these follies would never have been possible had I been happily married and at the work which was fitting my years, the work of wife and mother.

For had such follies been possible had I been allowed to go on with my stage work. But both these fitting occupations for a young woman had been denied me and by the same man, my husband, so Satan was finding some mischief for me, even as the old proverb said. I know now that Mr. Alsop stopped my stage endeavors because he felt that I would return to him when finally my money was gone, and I was thoroughly convinced that the stage was barred to me.

But he was wrong in this, for shortly after I took the final step and started to get a divorce myself. Again I found the way blocked. Each lawyer whom I engaged suddenly abandoned the case, or lost interest, or more fully let the matter drag, while I paid in my good money. My capital was weekly growing less, for I had long since begun to live on that interest from it being far from sufficient.

Then at last Mr. Alsop decided that since I would not return he would get a divorce himself. Overtures in regard to this were made to me, but they did not have the effect desired—that of sending me back to Washington. I know now that I acted with singular unwisdom as to my divorce, for most any other woman in all New York would have insisted upon some sort of financial settlement, but in those days I felt that if at last I could throw off the remnants of this distasteful marriage I would do it at any price.

When I began this series I explained that I was in the position to warn other young women against becoming an old man's darling. I have outlined in detail how the young wife of an old man has a hard time of it, and now at last I am come to the final



Photograph of Mrs. Alsop in the Stage Costume in Which She Undertook, But Soon Abandoned, a Career on the Stage After Running Away from Her Aged Husband.

ironical bit when I explain that Mr. Alsop manoeuvred long enough to prevent me from getting a divorce so that if there had to be a divorce he could get one himself and save all my money expenses thereby. I feel sure of this.

His policy was not, "I have ruined this girl's normal chance of matrimony and motherhood by marrying her so young, and therefore I must make it up in a decent settlement." Rather his attitude was, "Well, if she won't live with me, I've no interest in her, at least financially speaking."

An old husband, I have learned full well, can be far more selfish with his wife than a young husband could ever be. However, the day for the trial arrived. Mr. Alsop appeared as chief witness in his suit. He asked for the divorce on the grounds of desertion; he came into court and told of how he had lavished money and bonds and jewels upon me and how I had left his home for no reason he "could ever imagine."

It was a very pretty story, but I have always felt that Mr. Alsop could have told a much more rounded narrative had he cared to. My uncle, Mr. Minton Wimberly, of Georgia, was present just to watch the case for my interests; I was then supposed to be in Europe, but as a matter of fact, under a black veil and concealed in a dark corner unknown to anyone, I was an interested spectator.

It was all quite grim and terrible, something like being present at your own funeral. When at last Mr. Alsop stepped from the witness stand and the tears rolled down his cheeks, I was indeed sorry.

Poor old man, it was not his fault, perhaps, any more than it was mine that our marriage had been such a failure. In the pitiful wishfulness of age he had snatched at happiness with a sixteen-year-old girl, when reason should have told him better. And I, on the other hand, with the vast assurance of youth, had snatched at happiness also, imagining that because it was me, the rules would be different. These were my thoughts as I sat watching, be-



"I advanced, shaking my finger at them while they sniggered at me. And murder was at my heart, and black anger at these women who were so happy at my plight. I never have been able to explain to myself why I walked toward their box, as I kept on singing, nor what I would have done once arrived there. And I never had a chance to know by experience, for they rang the curtain down before I reached the grinning Poillons."

him his heavy veils. At length all the evidence was in which later gave Mr. Alsop his divorce on grounds of desertion. And no provision whatever was made for me, though Mr. Alsop must have known that I had spent all my inheritance from my father and much of what he had given me. I have always felt that he trusted I would get tired of padding my own name, want money very badly, and come back to him, even after the divorce.

On several occasions afterward he proposed to me, for when the first shock was over we continued to be good friends, and he always looked me up whenever he came to New York. Generally, we would go to Mouquin's for dinner, because Mr. Alsop liked their cooking and their wine. But sometimes I would write him to stay at my apartment for dinner, and it was at a very pretty little affair—a dinner, that Mr. Alsop proposed to me the first time after our divorce.

As we lingered over our coffee he spoke. "It's not right—it's not fitting," he said, "for a young woman like you to be living thus alone. Marry me again, darling. Let's make a new start."

Of course, the idea was abhorrent to me, and I refused. On other occasions Mr. Alsop also proposed, but each time with the same result. However, we were on friendly terms until his death, and it was not a year before he died when he wrote me two very kind letters on the occasion when I had lost all my money in the bankruptcy of my New York brokers.

I found myself then absolutely without funds to return from Hot Springs, Arkansas, and wrote asking Mr. Alsop to lend me five hundred dollars. I told him I would repay him in a few weeks and sent him a check dated ahead for the amount. Still canny, as when I left him, he loaned me the money, but preserved the check and cashed it later. Other men, under the circumstances, might have torn the check up, but not Mr. Alsop.

In the meantime, after the divorce, I found myself a young woman, and for all the things which the normal young woman wants and should expect life to bring her, yet withal too cynical for my years. Until after my divorce from my husband, as I have already explained, I had never experienced a real love, but at length what I took for a real love was to come to me, and in a form which boded nothing but disaster. I never like to think, now, how very close I came to the dangerous edge of the precipice and by what a narrow margin I was saved.

It is this next experience of mine, with a man I loved and believed in, which makes me feel as qualified to give advice on a certain phase of conduct to other young women, as I feel qualified to advise about marrying an old man. To come to the point I should explain that in New York there is a latter-day race of easy moralists who rather extol relations of the sexes beyond marriage. If a young woman has been very indiscreet and given her affections unwisely, these puny folk call her strong, and say that she is "living her life her own way." They even explain that she is kind and pitiful, and not selfish with a thing which should be freely given, not bargained for—her love.

I have learned to be very impatient with people who talk like this, for they are arrogantly setting up rules of their own which will lead any foolish girl who adopts them into much trouble. These arguments are advanced in New York every day in the week, I suppose, by careless men who despair of ever being free to marry again. And girls supposed to be good and bright and discriminating are taken in by their specious pleas. Well, I nearly was taken in myself.

And before I finish I would like to linger long enough to add that people who should know better—women who should set a decent standard of morality for the young of the race, are sadly preaching this same, vicious doctrine. I can quote examples in point. Isadora Duncan has always waxed very sarcastic about a marriage service, calling it a "few words mumbled by a priest," and asking how these words can dignify the love of a man and a woman who are drawn to each other in spite of the "mumbled words."

But I take notice that Isadora herself got married at last, and that she announces quite vehemently that she is the wife of her husband, Serge, when she sees any other woman trying to smile at him. Another woman who has lent the weight of her influence to this deadly doctrine is Edith Day, the actress.

Miss Day left her husband and openly associated with Pat Somerset, whom she has lately married. Her husband charged that Mr. Somerset was the father of Miss Day's baby, and when recently Miss Day testified in court in a suit against a New York periodical, she put this idea upon a public court record.

"When a woman has an affair with a man other than her husband," Miss Day was quoted as saying, "that's not so bad, provided she doesn't go any further. She should be faithful to her lover."

This the young woman said in utter seriousness. But there are other current examples which show how this pernicious doctrine has spread. When Flo Leeds, the unmarried mother, finally talked about her affair with James Stillman, president of a New York bank, she explained that she loved Mr. Stillman and that therefore she "did what any other woman would have done under the circumstances." She seemed to fully believe that what she termed her "love" was full justification for any conduct, however subversive of the old laws of society. In words equally illogical Corliss Palmer from her fool's paradise sends out reasons why she is happy and perfectly content as the associate and house companion of a married man, Eugene Brewster.

In my experiences I have found out two or three truths: That an unwise marriage need not ruin a whole life, though at the time of our unhappiness we may feel that it must; that, despite all its hardships, marriage has no substitute, and that any other arrangement will bring nothing but misery in the end; and that the most foolish thing a young girl ever can do is to marry an old man in the foolish hope that she will attain happiness as his darling.

Diseases Cured by Sunshine

Newest Discoveries About the Health Rays in the Sunlight and Why We Don't Get as Much Good Out of a Sun Bath in a Glass Sun Parlor as We Do Out in the Open



Patients Undergoing a Sun Cure in the Open at a German Open-Air Hospital. Their Heads Are Always Protected from the Sun's Rays.

Parlor as We Do Out in the Open



One of the Children of Lady Constance Richardson, the Well-Known English Titled Dancer, Who Insists Upon Her Little Sons and Daughters Running Around Naked All Day in the Sunshine.

RECENT scientific investigations have revealed many new facts in regard to the great medicinal and curative value of sunlight. Several extremely important new facts have been applied to the curing of diseases which are not yet thoroughly understood. And it has been found that artificial sunlight can be manufactured for use in hospitals, sanitariums and the home which contains the essential, health-giving and germ-killing qualities of genuine sunshine.

A curious fact has been stumbled on to account for why negroes do not often thrive in northern climates. The dark pigment in their skin was put there by Nature to act as a curtain and screen some of the medicinal effect of the powerful sunlight of the tropics, so that the colored man should not get an overdose of germ-killing or stimulating health rays. But when the negro comes North to the less powerful health rays of northern climates and brings along with him the dark skin which shuts out a large part of the healthful sun rays he suffers. A study of the negro babies in the negro district in New York developed the surprising fact that the majority of the infants, whether nursed by the mother or brought up on the bottle, showed the infantile disease known as rickets—a softening of the bones of the body.

Another hitherto unsuspected discovery is the fact that sitting in your window in sunshine does not give beneficial results for the reason that the health rays must reach the body without the interference of the window glass. This very recent discovery accounts for the previous failure to obtain curative results in sanitariums and glass porches where invalids were treated by sun ray methods.

Therefore, although a glass enclosed sun-parlor may be a cheerful, well-ventilated and healthful place, it is not to be expected that under such conditions the same results can be secured as by direct exposure to sunlight. It has also been found that its specific effects can, to a considerable degree, be secured through an artificial light, a so-called "quartz light" lamp. These lamps have been used quite extensively abroad in the treatment of tuberculosis and are beginning to find favor in this country.

The new quartz light has been especially developed in Germany, where often advanced cases of consumption have been halted. German medical men are also using quartz light in conjunction with the X-ray to heal pernicious cases of white plague.

The quartz light consists of lamps, producing the ultra-violet ray, through the common mineral quartz. The patient is treated part of the week with the quartz light, the remainder of the time with the common X-ray. Not only are the lungs sprayed with the light stream, but the whole body is subjected to the healing influences of these violet waves. At the

same time, the patient is given as much sunshine as possible, along with milk, egg and other nourishing diet usually prescribed for such cases. Speeding toward the earth at the almost incredible rate of 186,000 miles a second, the rays of sunshine are shot out of the sun and make the journey to the earth in about eight minutes. Without these rays of sunshine human beings could not exist on the earth. Sunlight is truly the dominant factor in human affairs. The food that we are becoming apprehensive about as to next Winter's supply has been well described as impregnated sunlight. Nature, prolific in many ways, creating millions of organisms that thousands may live, is in other ways very thrifty. Those beds of coal which she laid down millions of years ago are merely carbonized vegetation which originally grew through the action of sunlight on its green coloring matter. The glittering diamond that adorns midday's neck is simply another form of carbon, and the flush on her cheeks (in the rare instances when it is natural) is due to sunlight.

Sunshine has always held a high reputation in health circles, but lately more definite reasons for this faith in sunlight have been found through the study of its action in the prevention and cure of rickets, a disease characterized by faulty bone formation in the growing child as already mentioned.

Until quite recently rickets was a medical mystery. Medical authorities differed as to its probable cause; some inclined to the belief that it was due to faulty hygiene, to poor ventilation, lack of exercise, to deficiency of vitamin D; others included to the belief that it was solely due to a dietetic deficiency, lack of mineral or vitamin constituent in the food. Recent evidence would indicate that these combined factors may be at work causing this disease.

A number of investigators have found that cod liver oil could prevent and cure rickets, and this gave color to the belief that the disease was caused solely by a specific food deficiency. This belief was

further strengthened by Professor McCollum's researches, showing a fourth vitamin apparently present in cod liver oil which has the power to prevent and cure rickets. On the other hand, Drs. Hess, Ungar, Pappenheimer, Powers and Park, also coming to the value of cod liver oil in this way, have made a careful study of the influence of sunlight in the prevention and cure of rickets, and have pretty conclusively shown that adequate exposure to sunlight supplies an influence that makes good a deficiency of anti-rachitic vitamin D. Dr. Hess in his Cutter Lecture at the Harvard Medical School, February 15, 1922, discussing this interesting question called attention to the fact that in the course of a study of the value of cod liver oil in a negro district in New York City it was found that the majority of breast fed infants and almost all the bottle fed infants showed clinical signs of rickets. He suggests that the pigmentation of

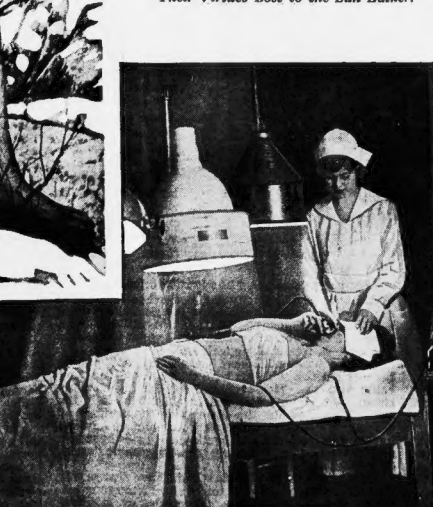


A Member of One of the Curious "Nature Colonies" Where Men, Women and Children Run Around in the Sunlight Without Any Clothes On at All.

the skin is an important factor in these cases, and that the widespread prevalence of rickets among negroes, and its greater frequency among the southern Italian, the Syrian and other southern races that are dark-skinned, is due to the fact that they are more susceptible to the deficiency of sunlight. It cannot be denied that the dwellers in these districts where rickets prevails suffer from lack of sunlight, whatever may be their dietetic deficiency. It is a significant fact that all the children in these districts, who are on a similar diet, do not develop rickets; and it seems entirely reasonable to conclude that the supply of sunlight and the degree

of pigmentation of the skin are important factors in developing this condition. In combating these conditions, therefore, it is wise to see that the babies have as much sunlight as possible in addition to supplying proper diet. Among the negro population it would be wise to give cod liver oil as a specific preventive. If sunlight can exert such a powerful influence over the growth of bone and can prevent or cure such a serious condition as rickets, we are justified in emphasizing its importance in the possible prevention and cure of other chronic conditions, such as tuberculosis, faulty nutrition, chronic joint changes, and neuritis.

Although Glass Seems to Admit All the Rays of Light, Science Has Just Found That as a Matter of Fact Many of the Health-Giving Rays Are Turned Back by the Window Panes and Their Virtues Lost to the Sun Bather.



Science, Discovering That It Is Impossible for the Health Rays of the Sun to Pass Through Glass, Has Devised Electric Lamps Whose Light Contains the Curative Rays. These Are Now in Use in Hospitals to Take the Place of the Old and Inefficient Sun Bath Under Glass.

of pigmentation of the skin are important factors in developing this condition. In combating these conditions, therefore, it is wise to see that the babies have as much sunlight as possible in addition to supplying proper diet. Among the negro population it would be wise to give cod liver oil as a specific preventive. If sunlight can exert such a powerful influence over the growth of bone and can prevent or cure such a serious condition as rickets, we are justified in emphasizing its importance in the possible prevention and cure of other chronic conditions, such as tuberculosis, faulty nutrition, chronic joint changes, and neuritis.

It is reasonable to conclude that a sun-bath can materially contribute to the wellbeing of average people who do not suffer from any particular complaint. The sun-bath, like the air-bath which we have often advocated, should be more generally employed as a hygienic measure. A striking feature of the experiments on the efficacy of sunlight in rickets is the fact that the whole body is benefited by the exposure of only a portion of it to sunlight. In taking sun-baths, as in taking air-baths, common sense must be exercised. It is well to protect the eyes and the head. Shade the eyes from the glare of the sun and its reflection from the sand or the surface of the water. It is also well not to expose the head to the direct rays of the sun during the extremely hot weather. The monkey, adapted to the heat of the tropics, would perish very quickly if exposed continuously to the direct rays of the tropic sun. Bearing these cautions in mind, the daily exposure of as much as possible of the surface of the body to the direct rays of the sun, for as long a period as convenient, not of course to the point of blurring or extreme sunburn, is a health-giving measure that should be more widely employed. The first exposure may be brief—for a few minutes—and then increased to half an hour.

Much needless fear of sunshine prevents people from getting the benefits they might obtain from the healthful rays of the sun. The bug-bear of "hot weather" need not be on your mind if you keep in good physical condition. And no one need fear going to the tropics if he takes care of himself.

The ranges of temperature experienced in most civilized countries do not carry any particular menace to us, individually, if we adopt reasonable means to keep in sound health. This means that the best preparation for either a hot Summer or cold Winter is to have the body thoroughly examined, all physical defects corrected, diet and exercises properly regulated, extremes of any kind avoided, and then we can give an invitation to the weather to come and do its worst.

While we do not need to fear hot weather, there is no reason why we should not consider how we can be most comfortable and happy during its continuance. The first requisite is to keep working along and not watching the thermometer. Skip the lurid newspaper accounts of broken heat records. Don't let the hot weather get on your nerves. Forget it in earnest work, if you are physically sound. A few simple measures will then see you through.

Thirst? How shall it be quenched? Preferably by water, taking a moderate quantity rather frequently. Cool water with a dash of lime juice or lemon juice is the best thirst quencher. All the sweet fizzy drinks are thirst producers; any refreshment as they give is largely psychic. Start the day with a cool shower or hot and cold shower alternately, in order to stir up the circulation and refresh the whole body. At night a tepid bath is more cooling and restful and promotes sound sleep.

Diet? There is no particular mystery about it. The foundation of a healthful diet is milk or milk products, green vegetables and fruit. Meat should be taken sparingly.

Bathing? Do not loaf around in the water. Have a refreshing swim and then seek some other sport. Keep the head covered from the sun in intensely hot weather.

Clothing? Wear light, loose, porous clothing and avoid tight collars. A good precaution is to be inoculated against typhoid fever, especially if one inclines to travel or eat in strange places where there is doubt as to the absolute purity of food and water. The danger from typhoid carriers must also be remembered, people who are not ill with the disease but nevertheless carry the germ in their bodies.

[illegible][illegible]

If your rheumatism comes on

get relief quickly. These strokes are the soothing action of Sloan's Liniment over the aching place—momentarily you will feel a phar-then a gentle glow, then a bottle from your druggist.

Sloan's
kills

The Golden Siren By Marjorie Bowen

[illegible]

CHAPTER X.

[illegible][illegible]

**Rheumatism
on again**

Stiff, aching pains must yield before the sun's rays. Spread it gently with a soft cloth. Rubbing is necessary. Instant tingling of the skin, mental, lasting relief. Get a bottle today—35 cents.

**Liniment
Pain!**

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

“Mum” for

We notice instantly the situation in other people—and Yet we all perspire—and a noticeable odor, so out of keeping with feminine charm.

But we can be entirely “Mum” is the word! “white deodorant cream, pressed into the armpits and where. Then—dancing, tennis, golf—no matter how active you are, the atmosphere of the crowd keeps you fresh and dainty.”

“Mum” is entirely safe. Successful women use it with the same Get “Mum” today. 25c per cap, 50c size holds about the same. Get “Mum” at your store.

[illegible][illegible]

Mum i
ees you fro

pleasant odor of perspi-
ever suspect ourselves!
 then comes that inevit-
 ing with daintiness and

ee from all body odors.
 um," the dainty, snow-
 nts all body odors.
 ase. A touch of "Mum"
 r perspiration collects.
 the theatre, at home—
 or how warm and close
 led gathering—"Mum"

day and evening.
 safe that dainty, care-
 tary pack.

and 50c. The new screw
 times as much.
 re see our **Special Offer.**

Mint Sauce. MINT sauce to be eaten with hot lamb should always be warmed.	Whipping Egg Whites. A PINCH of salt added to the whites of eggs makes them whip better.
---	--



Stacom

For Unruly Hair —Makes Hair Stay Combed

Comb your hair any style. Part it any side, in the middle, comb it back, pompadour; any way... It will stay smooth and lustrous, now. Use before you swim—see how much easier it is to comb your hair afterwards.

STACOMB means prettier hair for women, tender hair for children. At all drug counters.

Ask your barber for a Stacom Rub

**Tubes—35c
Jars — 75c**

Demand STACOMB—the Original—has never been equalled.

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Los Angeles, California

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
118 Standard Bldg., Phone 4-21
Los Angeles, California

Please send me in money order (not cash)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



the word!

m Embarrassment

Wonderful new Powder-Perfume Talc

And here is a remarkable talc—"Amora"—the best Italian talc, so skillfully combined with rare perfumes that the fragrance **lasts all day and evening.** Only 25c, at all stores, or see your Special Offer.

A handy Hair Remover

The handy way to remove hair is also the safe and easy way—Evans's Depilatory Outfit, complete for instant use. 75c buys enough for months. At your store, or see Special Offer below.

MUM MFG. CO., 1104 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

"Mum," "Amora," Talc, Evans's Depilatory Outfit, Evans's Cutaneous Jelly, Elder Flower Ess. Lotions

SPECIAL OFFER

MUM MFG. CO., 1104 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Aug. '73

specifies below— Please send me postpaid the

☐ "Mum" 50c. ☐ "Mum" 25c. ☐ "Amora" 50c.

☐ Evans's Depilatory Outfit, 75c.

SPECIAL OFFER—25c buys the "Mum" 50c, "Amora" 50c, and Evans's Depilatory Outfit, 75c, for both postpaid.

SPECIAL OFFER—25c buys the "Mum" 50c, "Amora" 50c, and Evans's Depilatory Outfit, 75c, for both postpaid.

SPECIAL OFFER—25c buys the "Mum" 50c, "Amora" 50c, and Evans's Depilatory Outfit, 75c, for both postpaid.

Name _____ Dealers Name _____

Address _____ Dealer's Address _____

Keep cool with MAVIS talc



Millions find coolness and comfort in MAVIS talc

If you would always look fresh and alluring, no matter how hot the day—if you would always be clean, cool and sweet, and comfortable—your real self—learn this secret from the well-bred woman.

After arising in the morning—after exercise—after bathing—or when the least bit hot—use Mavis Talc unsparingly. Its delicate, snowy white softness soothes, and smooths, and cools your skin made tender by heat and perspiration. The delicate Mavis fragrance—delightfully exquisite—defies perspiration and all

perspiration's unpleasant effects, odors, and discomforts.

Take a liberal supply of Mavis Talc with you wherever you go. Keep a tin handy in your bath room, and another on your dressing table. Never be without it. With Mavis, you are sure of comfort always. The lavish use of Mavis Talc is a refined and well-bred habit—one you can well afford. For Mavis costs no more than common talc. Ask for Mavis at the toilet counters. You'll find the sales people all know it well—and recommend it highly

25^c



Paris

VIVAUDOU

New York

13

15



Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends Upon the Care You Give It

YOU see beautiful hair everywhere today. Hair that is softer, silkier, brighter and more attractive.

Beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clean, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch, and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

Get up a big, thick lather by first wetting the hair thoroughly in clear, warm water and then applying Mulsified. Rub the lather in thoroughly.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.



When the hair is dry, always give it a good, thorough brushing.



Mulsified

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

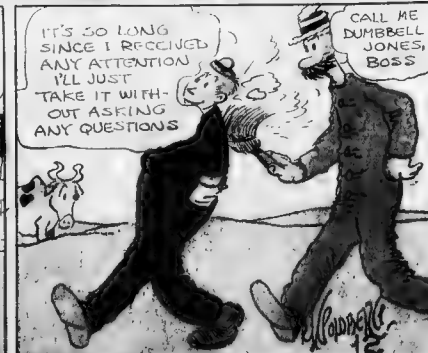
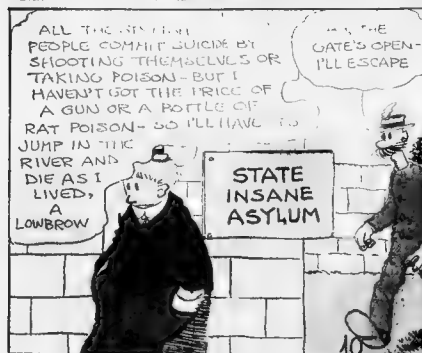
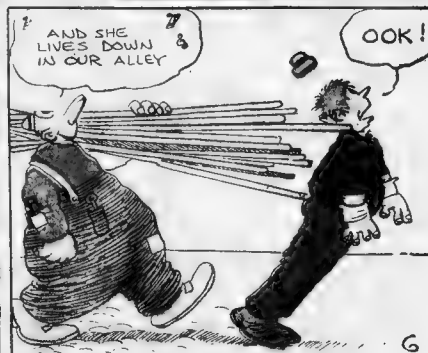
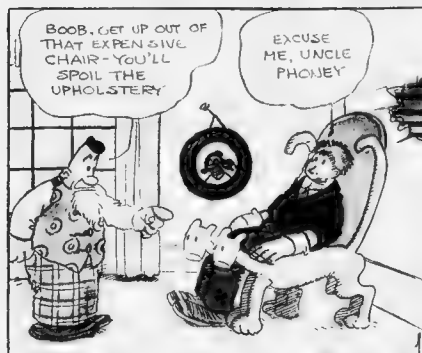


Bringing Up Father





Boob McNutt

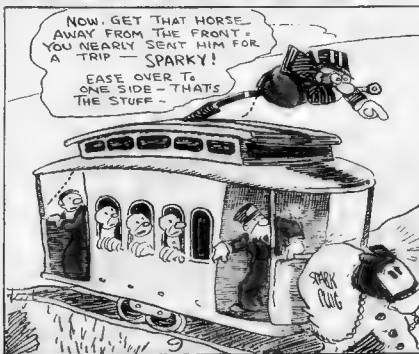
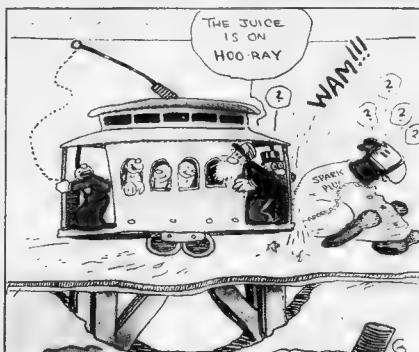
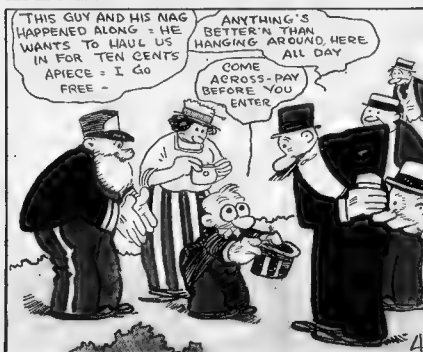




Copyright, 1923, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Barney Google

Registered U. S. Patent Office



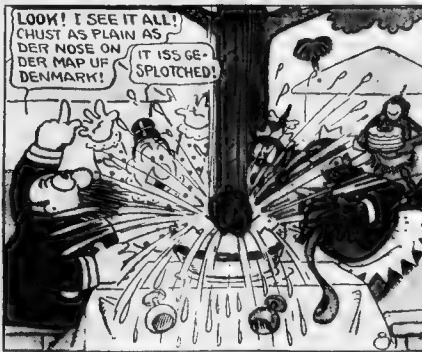
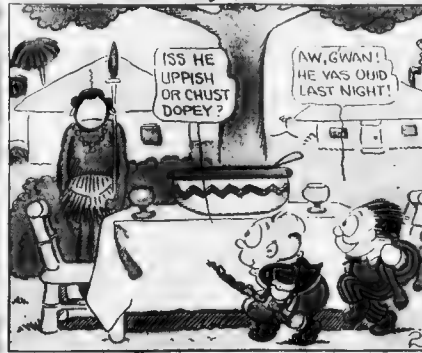


Tillie the Toiler





The Katzenjammer Kids



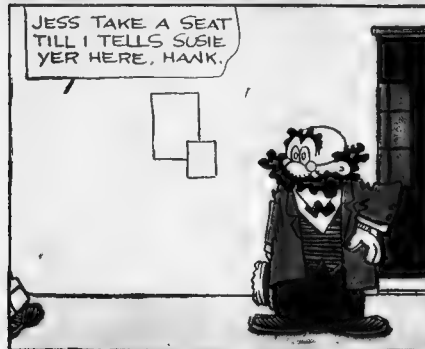


Happy Hooligan





Polly--Pa's "Evidence" Makes a Quick Get-Away.

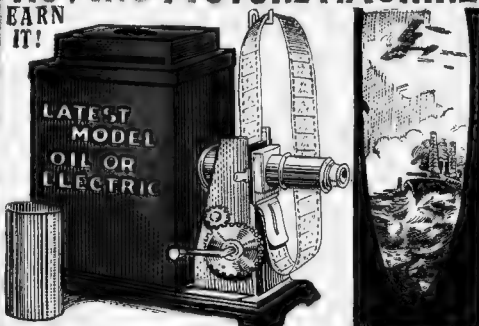


Mr. Batch



MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

EARN IT!



You can earn it! The marvelous, GENUINE LATEST MODEL OIL OR ELECTRIC MOVING PICTURE MACHINE is sold in 25 packages of Blaine at 10c a package. THIS IS A GREAT OFFER. It comes all equipped with an oil lens, but it can be used with electric light if you wish. It is a fine, non-inflammable film with the machine. Write for Blaine. When sold return 25c. We will send the moving picture machine and film all charges prepaid. EXTRA PREMIUM of 25 Admission Tickets.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 500 Mill St., Dept. 122, Concord Junction, Mass.

EARN THIS GENUINE EASTMAN CAMERA



Genuine No. 2, Film Pack Hawkeye Camera, latest improved metallic model, made by the Eastman Kodak Co. Box type, universal focus lens. Makes pictures 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in.; works so simply a child can operate it. Two finders for horizontal or vertical pictures supplied, with full instructions. We offer this splendid camera for selling 28 packages of Blaine at 10 cents a package. Write for Blaine. Blaine and premium sent all charges prepaid.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 500 Mill St., Dept. 108, Concord Junction, Mass.

EARN THIS LARGE HANDSOME SELF INSTRUCTION BOOK VIOLIN



Fine, handsome, clear toned, large size violin, highly polished, beautiful wood, with pegs, finger board, tail piece, full set of strings, long bow, box of resin and also SELF INSTRUCTION BOOK. This is a fine musical instrument and you will be delighted with it. These violins are hard to get and we consider it one of our best premiums. You can earn this beautiful violin by selling only 28 packages of Blaine, at 10 cents a package. When sold return \$2.00 and we will send violin and outfit all prepaid.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 500 Mill St., Dept. 187, Concord Junction, Mass.

FINE TELESCOPE EARN IT!



In 3 sections, opens out to over 2 feet, closes to 10 inches. Scientifically ground lenses, each section brass bound. You can see objects a mile distant and watch airships. Given for selling 15 packages Blaine at 10c package. Write for Blaine today. Blaine and premium sent all charges prepaid.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 500 Mill St., Dept. 16, Concord Junction, Mass.

SCHOOL BOX WITH KNIFE AND FOUNTAIN PEN

EARN IT!



This fine School Box Outfit includes: Fountain Pen, Pencil, Knife, Penholder, Eraser, all in a handsome box with double cover that fastens. Earn it by selling 15 packages of Blaine at 10 cents a package. Sent all charges prepaid.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 500 Mill St., Dept. 122, Concord Junction, Mass.

EARN FOOTBALL



Write for 28 packages Blaine to sell at 10 cents a package. We send them postpaid. When sold, return \$2.00 and we will send prepaid this handsome Rugby Football, consisting of a tested bladder, made of the best rubber, and a serviceable, strongly sewed cover. It is warranted to stand rough work. We also send Football Coach Book.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 500 Mill St., Dept. 162, Concord Junction, Mass.

GIRLS! Earn This Real Stuffed Body DOLL

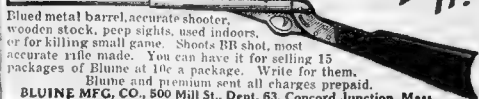
Unbreakable, walking, sleeping doll; full formed, well stuffed body—one of the most lifelike dolls we have ever had. She has a large body, splendidly shaped, and stuffed in the best manner, so it will not lose its well-rounded shape. This pretty doll REALLY WALKS in a most natural way, with short steps, or long steps, just as you wish. Her legs really move, and you can take her by the hand and she will walk forward or backward, just as if she were alive. She has a lovely, rosy, smiling face and beautiful, big bright eyes that open and close, so you can put her to sleep or wake her up. She can stand, sit down, move her head and arms and walk with her own legs. She wears a pretty, stylish dress and cap and shoes and stockings that you can take off. You can earn this beautiful stuffed body, walking and sleeping doll by selling 25 packages of Blaine at 10 cents a package.

We send Doll all charges prepaid.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 500 Mill St., Dept. 24, Concord Junction, Mass.



BOYS! SEE THIS AIR RIFLE! EARN IT!



Blued metal barrel, accurate shooter, wooden stock, peep sights, used indoors, or for killing small game. Shoots BB shot, most accurate rifle made. You can have it for selling 15 packages of Blaine at 10c a package. Write for them. Blaine and premium sent all charges prepaid.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 500 Mill St., Dept. 63, Concord Junction, Mass.

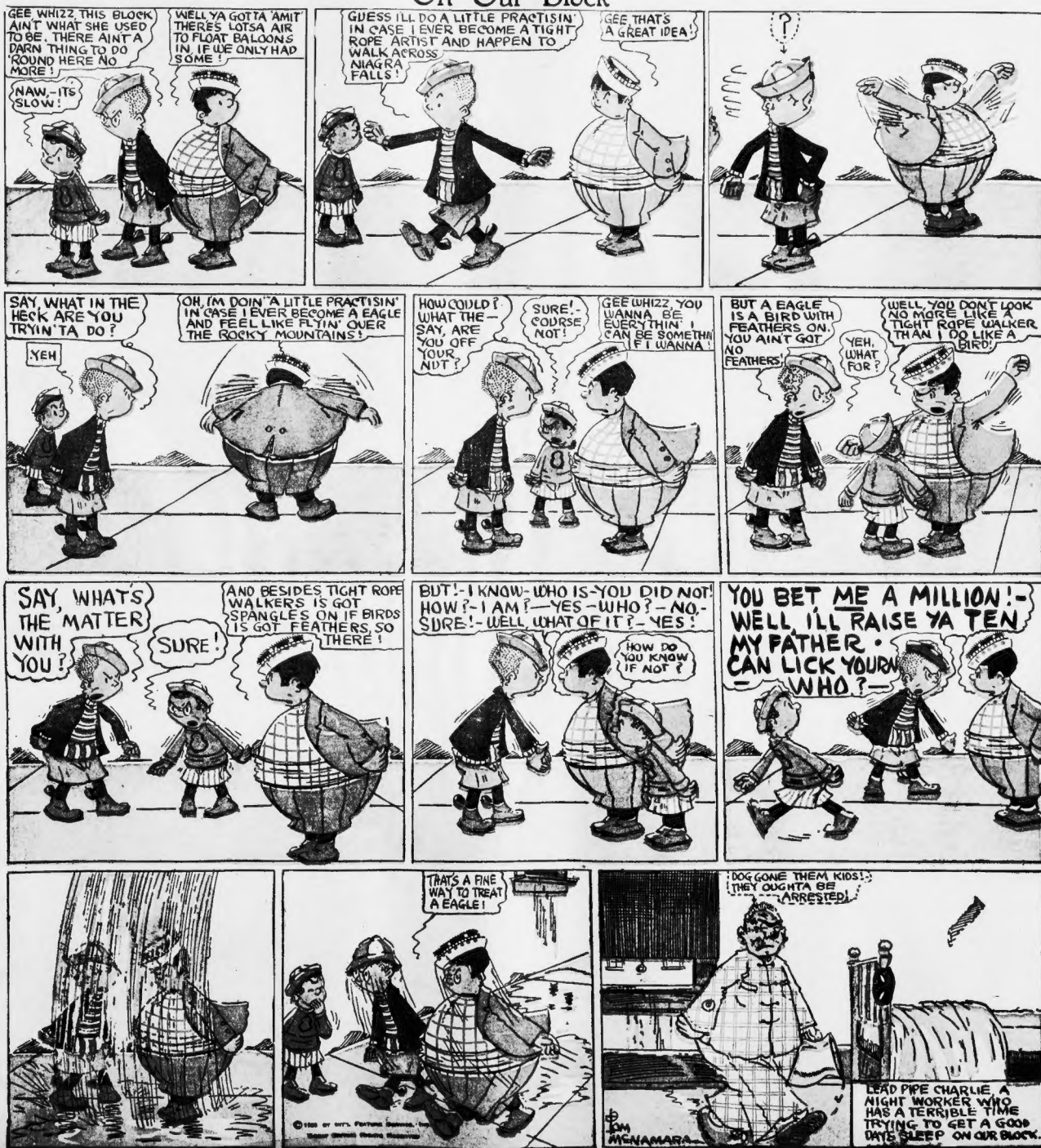
THIS IS A SAMPLE COPY OF THE
4-PAGE COLORED COMIC AND MAGAZINE SECTION
FREE EVERY DAY With the **BOSTON AMERICAN**

STARTS
Next Monday

BOSTON AMERICAN
 LARGEST EVENING CIRCULATION IN NEW ENGLAND

YOUR SUNDAY TREAT
EVERY DAY
 IN THE WEEK

On Our Block



Wearing Padlocked Pearls To Thwart Cunning Crooks

Invisible Chains, "Shotgun Bracelets" and Barbed Tiaras for Terrified Society Beauties Driven to Burglar-Proof Devices

Mrs. William E. Corey, Wife of the Steel King, the Loss of Whose Pearls Led Society to Wear Padlocked Jewels. The Inset at Right, Shows One of the New Tricks, a Barbed Prong, for Protecting the Tiaras.

Mrs. James H. R. Cromwell (Dolphine Dodge), Who Fears to Appear in Public Wearing Her Famous \$1,500,000 Pearls.

Mrs. Cromwell's Necklace of 389 Flawless Pearls.

Mrs. Irene M. Schoelkopf, Victim of a \$500,000 Jewel Robbery.

Mrs. Sarah L. Robertson, Who Cares Up a Handful of Costly Baubles at the Point of a Revolver.

(Photo © Associated Press)

(Photo © Associated Press)



Invisible Chain, Running Beneath the Frock from Neckline to Garter.

Woman sensation-ally robbed. She had five guests at her home for dinner. The door-bell rang. Mrs. Robertson answered it herself. She was greeted, she said afterward, by a masked face, and the muzzle of a blue steel revolver. "The sparkles, please!" said a muffled voice, and Mrs. Robertson (to the police) helplessly handed over a fortune in gems, including her string of valuable pearls. Again pearls were stolen when—

The "Shotgun Bracelet."

loosely handed over a fortune in gems, including her string of valuable pearls. Again pearls were stolen when—

Mrs. Charlotte King, Palmer, New York Society Beauty Who Was Robbed of Jewels Valued at \$500,000.



Brooch, Attached to Pearls, and Screwed Into the Corset Through the Bodice.

Mrs. Irene M. Schoelkopf, wife of C. P. Hugo Schoelkopf, Buffalo millionaire, wore \$500,000 worth of pearls, diamonds and amethysts to a party in the New York studio of Frank Barrett Carnan, young man-about-town. Several persons were present at the party. There were cocktails, poker, a quarrel between two of the guests over a check. Mrs. Schoelkopf left alone. On the floor below Carnan's apartment three men sprang from a corner, overpowered her, gagged her, bound her and tore her jewels from her. Part of the loot she later recovered, but the principal item in the list of missing articles was Mrs. Schoelkopf's pearls. Mrs. Sarah L. Robertson, of Deal, New Jersey, was another rich

man broke into the New York apartment of Mrs. Charlotte King, former stage beauty, and walked off with jewels valued at more than \$500,000. On the heels of these startling thefts came a dispatch from Paris, telling how Mrs. Benjamin Thaw, Sr., of the rich Pittsburgh Thaw family, was drugged by a dancing ape in a boulevard cafe. While she lay in a stupor across a table hidden in a nook of the cafe, the ape snatched off her pearl necklace.

The next big loss of pearls was reported by Mrs. William E. Corey, wife of the New York and Pittsburgh multi-millionaire, who was formerly head of the Carnegie Steel Company and is now a director in a dozen oil, steel, mining, engineering, motor manufacturing and other wealthy corporations. Mrs. Corey was in London. She had just arrived there from Paris. Some-where between the Corey villa at Villenueve, France, and her London hotel she informed Scotland Yard—her \$500,000 pearls were either lost or stolen.

The British and French police investigated for weeks. Automobiles, railroad trains and hotels were gone over with a fine-tooth comb. Halls, shops, were searched. Suspects were questioned. The pearls could not be found. At length Mrs. Corey's chauffeur, a French youth named Gustave Bouché, bobbed up with part of the pearls—not, however, the largest ones. He said he found them beneath the cushions of the motor car in which he drove his mistress to the station in Paris. A few days later he took more pearls to the police. They became suspicious. They arrested Bouché, gave him the "third degree" and, they say, got a confession from him.

The episode of the Corey pearls, coming on the heels of so many similar daring exploits, brought the police feeling among society women to a head. Rumors were rife that an international syndicate of "master crooks" was operating in Europe and America. It was said a score of intended victims were marked for robbery. From Antwerp, world center for the illicit jewel trade, came word that dealers were preparing the finest strings of pearls for sale that had ever been placed on the market.

What were society's peacock queens to do? They could run the risk of losing their costly jewels, or they could do as Mrs. James H. R. Cromwell, the former Dolphine Dodge, does. She is the owner of the famous \$1,500,000 pearl necklace that once belonged to Catherine de Russia. Only once has she worn her pearls. On that occasion she was sick with fear that they would be stolen. So now she keeps them locked up at night in the vaults of a Philadelphia bank.

While fearful wives and anxious husbands were discussing the jewel thieves, there came a gala night at Ciro's restaurant in Paris. One of the beauties present was an American society woman noted for her resplendent jewels. She wore

an evening's dazzling necklace of emeralds and diamonds. "But aren't you frightened?" blurted one of her friends. "They say one isn't safe anywhere these days if her necklace is worth more than a few francs. And yours—"

The American woman gave a low laugh and gestured to the gem encrusted pin in the form of a salamander, caught at the edge of her gown. "Do you see?" she said. "There is a tiny chain of platinum and steel leading from my necklace into the mouth of the salamander. You think it ends there, huh? But it does not. My dear, if I could only show you! That chain goes beneath my bodice and runs almost the length of my figure. Do you know where it is fastened? To my garter! If a thief caught at the neckline, he would have to tear off my entire costume before he got it!"

News of the "invisible chain" spread like the latest scandal through the Parisian-American colony. Smart jewelers there, and in London and New York, were quick to "catch on." The result was a stream of "locking" devices.

Besides the "invisible chain" for necklaces, there appeared the "shotgun bracelet." This is worn on the upper arm. But instead of being slipped into place over the hand, the bracelet is hinged so that it is "breached" as a shotgun is and clamped directly over the biceps. It works not unlike handcuffs work.

The padlocked necklace is another innovation. Where a necklace of pearls or other precious stones, even old amber, is long enough, it is coiled several times about the neck. A small padlock is affixed to the necklace. When properly put on, the padlock is invisible where the coils cross.

A brooch at the neck-line of a low-cut bodice may appear to have been pinned there carelessly. By the latest method, however, the brooch is fitted with a screw corresponding to a grooved hole in the upper rim of the corset. The brooch has a tiny insertion like a buttonhole. Thus the brooch can be screwed tightly in place, so that it is part of the corset, without in the least spoiling the looks of the lady's toilette.

One famous society beauty, say her friends, has guarded against the loss of her diamond tiara by adding a sharp steel point to the clasp. Concealed in her hair, it is never noticed. She herself or her maid, knowing it is there, can remove the tiara without being "strung." But woe be him who dares to touch the bauble. He is likely to give himself away with a loud yelp!

There are but a few of the precautions beauty is taking against the beast who would despoil her of her gawwags. That is why madame's nightgown is so fastened as to "lock me up, 'till I'm dead!"

Know Points to a Hidden Corset-Guard for the Neckline.

AND after madame is coiffed and gowned and beautified to the last dab of paint and powder, Yvette the maid comes forward with madame's shimmering rope of pearls, inserts a tiny silver key into an "invisible" keyhole, and deftly turns it. Madame now is ready for the evening—her precious pearls are PADLOCKED on her!

Out of Paris, via London, the fashion of locking jewels on their wearers has wafted to America—not simply as a fad, but dictated by a constantly growing fear of the ripping knife of the apache, the net of the thing, the sly fingers of the professional dancing scoundrel.

A series of bold jewel thefts in New York and Continental capitals has led rich women, with locked-on jewels to defy the underworld. Refusing to sacrifice their vanity by leaving their baubles at home, they had to crookdom.

"Very well! We accept your challenge," if the law has no terrors for you, we shall see what ingenuity can do. James, to the silverthighs—Montieur, make me up an 'invisible chain' for my necklace, a 'shotgun hinge' for my bracelets, 'loop-the-loop' for my jeweled slipper buckles. Now, sneak thieves, come on!"

The famous so-called "Schoolboy case" was among the first jewel robberies indirectly responsible for the new style in jewel protection.

80 Summer St. — BOSTON AMERICAN — A Paper for People Who Think — Largest Evening Circulation in New England

BRINGING UP FATHER

Can't Believe Maggie By George McManus

MY! I WORKED HARD TODAY—IM SO TIRED AND WEAK—I CAN HARDLY HOLD MY HEAD UP—

IF THAT IS THE CASE, I'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE IN GETTING OUT—

WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHY THE HAT AND COAT?

OH, I'M GOING OUT SEE YOU LATER!

YOU'LL SEE ME RIGHT NOW—COME BACK HERE—

BY GOLLY! YOU CAN'T BELIEVE A WORD THAT WOMAN SAYS—

© 1923 BY N.Y. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.

POLLY AND HER PAIS

Time Is Money and Pa Pays By Cliff Sterrett

DID YOU PASS A PLEASANT NIGHT AT AUNT ALICE'S, MA?

NO! I WAS WORRIED ABOUT HOW LATE PAW'D ROLL IN!

WHAT TIME TO REEXACT MA?

ABIE THE A

TAXI, BOSS?

IT'S THE FIRST I SERVE ONE! DRIVING ONE SHOULDN'T HE BE LIKE ELSE? I'LL TAKE ME H—

US BOYS

I SUPPOSE IT MAKES YOU FEEL FINE TO KNOW THAT FOUR SKINNY SHANER IS A VERY SICK, YOU DRIVE!

EMILY, HAVE A HEART—USE IT! I'M AS SORRY SIXTY SIXTY I AM!

JERRY ON THE

THE DOLLAR BILLS DON'T WALK OUT OF SACKS—THAT MUCH I DO KNOW—IT'S STILL ITS GONE—OWN!

AND OF I DO M—

KRAZY KAT

I COME TO COME TO A BUNCH OF HEAVENS!

YES, TO SEE THE CREAM! I SUPPOSE MEN

NO, TO SEE THE TIGER COME IN—

WHICH TIME DO YOU LIKE THE BEST, HIGH OR LOW?

OH, I LIKE THEM BOTH, MAJOR!

IS IT IF A WASTED OR THIS SWING FOR ME TO COME IN?

IT SURE IS IT'S QUITE A MISADVENTURE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DIED COME IN TO BEDDA!

HERE'S A HIGH PRICK OF A CUP HEAD—HOW DOES THAT CLIP—YOU!

\$1000.00 CASH

will be paid by the Boston American for original coloring (in water colors or crayons) of the nationally-famous comic characters which NOW appear daily in the Boston American.

This cash-rewarded test is put on to introduce this new

4-Page Colored Comic AND MAGAZINE SECTION

which will become a regular feature of the Evening American on and after

Monday, August 20th

SIMPLE RULES GOVERNING THE TEST

1. This Test is intended for Children. No professional artists will be permitted to participate. Begins August 6. Ending September 8th.
2. Clip the Comic designated each day in the American Comic Pages, paint or crayon this carefully; attach the coupon appearing on the Comic Pages, properly filled out with your name and address. Hold all of these until September 8, then mail to "Comic Editor, Boston American, 80 Summer St., Boston (8), Mass."
- Any one colored Comic may win the first award, but we give you the opportunity of making a new trial each day from August 6th to September 8th.
- No suggestions mailed before September 8 will be considered.
- The Boston American reserves the privilege of retaining any or all color suggestions. No suggestion will be returned to entrant.
- Awards will be made by competent judges selected by the management.
- All cash awards will be MAILED to successful entrants. Do not call for awards at the Boston American.
- The Boston American reserves the right to withdraw or amend the rules as seems advisable.
- Formal announcement of awards of this Test will be printed in the Boston American at end of Test.

\$1000 Cash

Will Be Awarded to the Successful Young Artists as Follows:

1st Award	\$100.
2nd	90.
3rd	75.
4th	60.
5th	50.
6th	40.
7th	30.
8th	25.
9th	20.
10th	15.
Next 20 Awards	\$10 each . . . 200.
Next 20 Awards	\$5 each . . . 100.
Next 50 Awards	\$2 each . . . 100.
Next 95 Awards	\$1 each . . . 95.
Total	\$1000.

Watch the American Constantly for Interesting or Valuable Announcements.

Medbury Says—

By John P. Medbury

THAT latest find among the men is to have their pictures taken once a week. They do this to keep a record of how they look looking they get every day.

WHenever you tell a man how handsome you are there's nothing like having a picture to back it up.

NATURE may be cruel but a photograph has a conscience.

If you don't happen to be good looking, it's easy enough to carry another guy's picture.

THIS chance for he went on just as long as he doesn't have to carry your face.

ONE bird started another fellow a picture so good that he finally got to believe it was a portrait of himself.

HE'S waiting now for the fellow to die so that he'll have the exclusive use of his face.

IT'S too bad that a handsome man can't have his looks copyrighted.

BUT most of us don't have to worry about having our faces stolen.

SOMEBODY might steal it at night, but they'd bring it right back as soon as it got dark.

SOME photographers take better portraits than others. One studio made such a perfect likeness of a man that he had to shave the picture every morning.

LATER on when this guy began losing his hair, the picture got bald, too.

ANY photographer can take your picture and make it look like you, but a wise photographer will take a picture of you and make it look like somebody else.

A LOT of people want too much. They expect a camera to accomplish something that nature fell down on.

MOST everybody looks bad in a photograph. That's because the studio charge fifteen to twenty dollars a dozen.

HOW can you look pleasant when you know what the pictures are costing you?

TRUE only fellow who can smile while he's having his photograph is the guy who's getting the week-end edition.

THIS one sure way of getting a good picture, says is to make an appointment with an expert photographer, and then, if you're not paid for you, it's a very good idea.

AMERICAN girls ought to marry American boys. They are nice, and men right here in town who are perfectly willing to settle down and loaf.

Copyright, 1923, King Features Service, Inc.

THE BEST JOKE I EVER HEARD

The Boston American will pay \$1 for "Best" joke published. Address "Best Joke," Boston American.

A man was fixing his automobile, and another man came up to him and asked him many questions. Soon the owner of the car was asked the make of the car, and later the motor-power. He paused it and said it had a sixty-horse power motor.

Then the pedestrian asked what seemed to be the trouble with it. "Well," was the laconic answer, "by the way she acts I should judge that fifty-nine of the horse were dead."

H. E. HEWES, JR.
47 Byrnes St., Roxbury, Mass.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

The Boston American will pay \$1 for every letter published as "The Most Embarrassing Moment in My Life." Address Embarrassing Moments, Boston American.

I wanted to go visiting but hubby wouldn't. Becoming tired of arguing the question I went with out him, taking my little girl with me. On arriving, my friend said to little Ellen, "Why didn't you bring daddy along?" Quickly came the reply, "My daddy said he wouldn't come here on a bet!"

NELLIE KRAFFERT
82 Ipswich Street, Worcester, Mass.

SMART SAYINGS OF CLEVER CHILDREN

The Boston American will pay \$1 for published smart sayings of clever children. Address "Smart Sayings," Boston American.

My older sister, who has been on a diet, after eating two chocolate candies said: "Well, that's enough for today, that's ten calories." My baby sister opened her eyes wide and replied: "Mum! I must be full of 'em."

KATHY CLAMMIRE
15 Myrtle St., Springfield, Mass.

Why the Waves Are Wild

By Herriman

I COME TO COME TO A BUNCH OF HEAVENS!

YES, TO SEE THE CREAM! I SUPPOSE MEN

NO, TO SEE THE TIGER COME IN—

WHICH TIME DO YOU LIKE THE BEST, HIGH OR LOW?

OH, I LIKE THEM BOTH, MAJOR!

IS IT IF A WASTED OR THIS SWING FOR ME TO COME IN?

IT SURE IS IT'S QUITE A MISADVENTURE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DIED COME IN TO BEDDA!

HERE'S A HIGH PRICK OF A CUP HEAD—HOW DOES THAT CLIP—YOU!

FOR THE CHILDREN EVERY DAY!
4-PAGE COLORED COMIC and MAGAZINE SECTION
 With The BOSTON AMERICAN STARTS MON. AUG. 20

Little Jimmy

